

# THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

or  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES

VOL. XVI.]

DECEMBER, 1833.

[No. 96.]

## THE OPERATION OF MONOPOLIES.

English Indifference—Corporate Abuses the result of the Aristocracy—Strong-hold of Toryism—Literary and Medical Corporations—Literature of the Ancients not upheld by Charter—Charters granted in the barbarism of the Middle Ages—Result in the Conduct of the University of Oxford to Erasmus—Remarks on the Ancients—Sparta—Opinion of Adam Smith on privileged Literary Bodies—Medical Monopoly—College of Physicians—Monstrous Privileges—By-laws—Fellowships and Licentiates—Their Qualifications—Advantage of the College to the Public—Bigotry and Barbarism of Fellows—Quotation from Orations of Dr. Pemberton, Dr. Powell, and Dr. Latham—Unjust Practices of the College—Conclusion.

It is a peculiar feature in the English character to disregard the operation of monopolies which do not glaringly affect their personal liberties as freemen, or their commercial glory as a nation; although, if ever they took the pains to look into their workings, they would be found inimical to the interests of the community in every particular. Absorbed in the improvement of his own individual condition, the Englishman overlooks the abuses of his own institutions, until that which first commenced in fraud obtains the sanction of custom, and is claimed as a right.

The abuses in corporate bodies and monopolies, are the result of the aristocratical tone of our government, which has been the curse of our country for so many years. England has long been the genial soil in which the aristocratical tree has taken such deep root, and flourished so exceedingly, that its huge, rank branches have overtopped and smothered every thing useful. The veriest despots of the Continent, subjected as they have been to the occasional violent ebullition of an abused people, have cast the glance of envy and covetousness towards England, as the place wherein they could exercise their accursed fancies, by means of her *free* institutions, without control and without danger. England has long presented the anomaly of a professedly free country bound by worse than feudal fetters: and such has been the duration of her slavery, that her rulers have been astonished when she ceased to hug her fetters. Like the overburthened brute, she has now kicked off her panniers: it is yet to be seen whether her new pack-saddle will sit easier.

The strong-holds of the aristocracy, we may rather say Toryism, are the corporate bodies, which have been so fostered, and for such a time, that an entire social system is paralyzed by them. It is this evil that has rendered us so comparatively slow to improvement, and which acts as a continual check to advancement; when the advantage of any great discovery becomes so apparent to the nation that prejudice is beaten down, that instant it is seized upon by speculators, and so formed into monopolies, and fenced by acts of parliaments—all in unison with the great system of Toryism, that any further improvement becomes a work of infinite difficulty, merely because of its interference with the private interests of one or two of the corporate body. This great system of monopoly has interwoven itself amongst us to the prejudice of our arts, our science, our literature, and our commerce. It is but justice to say of our present ministry that, in accordance with the spirit of the times, they have commenced the attack upon this hydra, which will surely end in its destruction. It needs but to be held up to the light, that its native deformity may become apparent.

There are some few points connected with the monopolies of literature and medicine, which the late disgraceful scenes of medical jobbing lately brought before the public have given rise to, on which we have a few words to say.

To estimate fairly the merits of any system, it would be necessary to consider the times, and the means by whom it may have been proposed. If we find the growth of an enlightened age supported by the talents and learning of its day, there is much in its favour; on the contrary, if it appear the produce of a barbarous era, fostered by ignorance, and its natural deformities perverted by design, we cannot hesitate to condemn it as unfitted for the interests of society. Let us look back upon corporate institutions: the ancients were unacquainted with them, though some learned Thebans would have the world believe that they existed with the Greeks and Romans, and allude to the union of the Sabines with the Romans as a corporate body; but the union of two savage tribes for mutual interest has but little in it analagous to corporate institutions. Athens owed her literary reputation to her exemption from them. As we descend from those bright days to the darker ones of the middle ages, when feudal and ecclesiastical misrule crushed in the bud the very germs of freedom, we find them peeping from beneath the cowl of the crafty monk, and the public interest the last feature in their organization. Kings patronizing universities for the accidental circumstance of being born there; Elizabeth, for the equivocal credit of proselyting youth at the shrine of protestant prejudice. The conduct of the university of Oxford to Erasmus, when he came to unfold to them the stores of Grecian literature, affords an unanswerable proof of the evils of such corporate bodies—the arrogance of pretenders, the insolence of mere book-worms! Whatever we have seen of prejudice, of bigotry, of ignorance, in the progress of the world's knowledge, have we not ever witnessed it most rife in the cloisters of our universities? When did Toryism ever make so strong a stand as when begirt by a phalanx of our chartered monks?

There are in society, however, some good-natured simpletons o



much attached, by habit, to corporations of every kind, who really believe, that were these institutions destroyed, darkness would instantly succeed—chaos would come again. Amongst these we are sorry to find some who, at one time, held an honourable place in their profession. Sir A. Carlisle says, "I do not believe that any subversive change in our English colleges would amend the profession, or benefit the public." Strange, that the ancients, with all their wisdom, could not devise such measures for instructing youth! and yet we do not find that they were wanting in any of the learning of their day which could render them good and useful citizens. Athens had no colleges, corporate or chartered bodies—she rose to pre-eminence by her free institutions alone. There was nobody to compel the attendance of students. Solon's law, which released the child from the obligation of supporting its parent, if it was not brought up to some profession, obliged all to be educated: further than this the state never interfered. Salaries were first granted to professors in the reign of Antoninus: Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, received none. The medical schools of Italy and Sicily were without charters; Egypt was a stranger to them;—but look at their effects on Sparta, where the government regulated the education—learning never flourished. The history of the world affords no instance of the prosperity of literary institutions under the withering influence of corporate charters.

The learned Adam Smith has brought the influence of his great mind to bear happily upon this subject. "Have public endowments," he says, "contributed to approve the abilities, and encourage the diligence, of the teacher? Have they directed the course of education to objects more useful, both to the individual and the public, than those to which it would have gone of its own accord?" The answer to this is not difficult;—but he proceeds: "In every profession, the exertions of those who exercise it is always in proportion to the necessity they are under of making it." The endowments of colleges have denominated this necessity, more or less, in the attention of the teachers;—and why? "Their subsistence, so far as it arises from their salaries, is evidently derived from a fund altogether independent of their success and reputation in their several professions." Again, he says, "Whatever forces a set of students, of any college, independent of the merit of their teacher, tends to diminish the necessity of that merit."

The abuse of medical monopolies in this city is a most monstrous and crying evil. We shall begin with the College of Physicians, and in so doing we enter not upon it as a question involving merely the rights of fellows and licentiates, but, more correctly speaking, one between the public and a medical monopoly, and which is of the deepest interest to all.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, a charter was granted to this college, securing to it the medical practice of London and seven miles around. The charter was granted with the laudable view of checking mountebank practice, without intending to interfere with the regularly-educated physician, or limiting the number of physicians in the metropolis and its suburbs to the small number of *six*, which at one time was all that this chartered body would admit to practise

But the college found that all the practice must necessarily devolve upon them, could they but prevent other physicians from exercising their profession without their sanction. Accordingly, clubbing their sagacity, they framed some by-laws, by which they compel all physicians, no matter of what rank, talent, or genius, to solicit their permission to practise—this is obtained by an examination. Not content with this, they framed another by-law, reserving the right of *fellowship* for the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge alone. This right of making by-laws is the distinguishing feature of all corporations, and for which they are not amenable to any power. Experience has shown, that wherever this power has existed, it has been abused. But it has been alleged that by-laws cannot interfere with general statutes; and where they do, an action obtains a remedy. This is generally worse than the disease; for what individual can maintain an action against a joint-stock company of jobbers leagued against the rights of individuals? The conduct of this college, in thus degrading the members of every other university by the subordinate title of *licentiate*, is the more surprising, as we find them, down to the days of Head, proposing a foreign education as best fitted for physicians. The only wonder is, that whilst this fit of making by-laws was on them, they did not make some one, by which fellows and licentiates could, at a *coup d'œil*, perceive who were, and who were not, their own especial prey; for this distinction into fellows and licentiates would lead to the belief of an inferiority of talent in the latter: possibly the fellows may say, with the man in Moliere, "*Vous n'etes pas obligé d'être aussi habile que nous*"—whilst in truth it is but an effort to introduce into medicine a Tory aristocracy.

Let us examine the qualifications of licentiates and physicians in general, to participate in a share of the practice of this great city, as also to a share in college honours, if any such there be. All have graduated in physic, and the majority in arts, in some of the first universities of the world—as Vienna, Leyden, Milan, Bologna, Paris, Dublin, Edinburgh, whilst those *soi-dissant* fellows graduated in Oxford, in Cambridge, acknowledged the very worst possible medical schools. With what justice, then, can these men proclaim, from their seventh mile-stone (for thus far their jurisdiction from the metropolis extends) to the medical literature of Europe, like Canute to the waves: "Thus far you may come, but no further!" Conscious of the little interest which medical subjects possess for the general reader, they are convinced that the assumed superiority which they arrogate to themselves will lead to the general conclusion of a superiority of talent. Hitherto, unhappily, this has been the tendency of the unthinking part of mankind; but the wide spread of education and spirit of inquiry now abroad has led, of late, to other conclusions, and the aristocracy of birth is fast approaching the limit of its tether.

The existence of this corporate body, yclept a college, in the metropolis of the world, with the powers which it arrogates to itself, in the nineteenth century, is not only a libel on the wisdom of the nation, but an insult to humanity. Is the public aware, that no physician who is not a member of this corporation, dares, except at the

risk of prosecution and fine, afford them the benefit of his valuable experience. Even the Fellows are visited with the severest mark of collegiate displeasure, should they *meet in consultation* an unlicensed physician, whom they denominate by the barbarous epithet of an *alienus homo*! And what return does the College make for the privileges which it enjoys? Alas! there is not one redeeming virtue to be found. *Not a single branch of the profession is taught here ex cathedra.* No lectures upon Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Materia Medica, Practice of Physic, &c. There are about fifteen orations delivered in the course of the year, but of their tone, temper, or importance to society or the literary world, a few brief quotations will suffice. The Harveian Oration, which should embrace the wide field of literature and science, is made the vehicle of rancour and animosity against all physicians who presume to practise in London without soliciting a licence from the College, through the degrading ordeal of an examination by their inferiors. On one of these occasions Dr. Pemberton uttered the following philippic against men with whom he would have fraternized under the seal of an examination: "*Quis vestrum ignorat, alienum hominum concessum habitum esse, novis conciliis, nova audacia erectum, ad reformandum ut aiunt, sed potius ad evitendum eam medicam disciplinam quæ in hac nostra domo per tria seculæ feliciter constituta est, immo eo processit hæcce rerum novarum cupiditas, ut consulerunt de petitione Senatui referenda ad inceptum suum lege sancendum. In tuli casu ubi is vestrum qui non ad arma currat? quis non clamat stet fortuna domus.*" Upon another anniversary of this oration, Dr. Powell applies the following expressions to the same body of men: "*Immi subsellii viri et criminum graviorum vix insontes, certamen auda cissimum et turpissimum, velut agmine instructi movirunt.*" In 1794, when the licentiates demanded admission into the fellowship, Dr. Latham dared apply to them the following epithets: "*We are attacked by ferocious, daring, and obstinate enemies, regardless of the faith which they have pledged for the observance of our statutes.*" Thus it is, that men clothed in a chartered panoply, would narrow the operation of talents which were intended for mankind. There is, in the organization of this College, something so directly opposed to sense and reason, that, to be corrected, it only requires to be generally known. To refuse the right of practice to men who may have graduated with honour in some of the first universities of the world, and to grant it to men who have never graduated in any university, and upon whom this College cannot confer a degree, is the climax of corporate jobbing. Yet such is the fact: Not long ago this College admitted to practice ten men who had never graduated in any university, whilst they, at the same time, were persecuting some of the first physicians of the day.

Let us hope, however, that it will not be long ere talent will be freed from Tory trammels, fit only for an ignorant and barbarous age, and that medicine, of all commodities, may not long be administered through the medium of party prejudice.



THE SANCTUARY, A TALE OF THE  
STRANGE COMPANIE.

A LITTLE child, a little child,  
Upon its mother's knee,  
With dimpled cheek, and laughing eye,  
A holy sight to see.  
A thoughtless boy, a thoughtless boy,  
A truant from the school,  
Urging his tiny wooden sloop  
On through the glassy pool.  
A musing youth, a musing youth,  
With eyes fixed on a book,  
Where he but sees his mistress' face  
In her last farewell look.  
A gay gallant, a gay gallant,  
Hero of club and ball;  
His father's pride, his mother's joy,  
Admired and loved of all.  
A traveller, a traveller,  
Returned from foreign strand,  
With store of wisdom, culled with care,  
For use in his own land.  
A happy man, a happy man,  
With wife and children round;  
And smiling friends, and cheerful home,  
Where all pure joys abound.  
A patriot, a patriot,  
Intent on public good;  
Who, in a court's ordeal tried,  
Corruption's bait withstood.  
A man of woe, a man of woe,  
Bankrupt in heart and wealth—  
Wife, children, hopes, all in the grave,  
A bankrupt, too, in health.  
A misanthrope, a misanthrope,  
Disgusted with mankind;  
Deserted by deceitful friends,  
Whom favours could not bind.  
A lunatic, a lunatic,  
In melancholy mood,  
Shrinking from every living thing—  
Sighing in solitude.  
A burial, a burial,  
With none of kin to weep,  
And lay the old man 'neath the sod,  
To take his last long sleep.  
Strange Companie, strange Companie,  
Are these to meet, I ween!  
Alas! they are but life's changes,  
That in ONE MAN are seen!

W. B. H.

## THE SANCTUARY; A TALE OF 1415.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BONDMAN."

THE Breton merchants had acquired so much influence and so much profit in their traffic with the English, that the native merchants took the alarm, and to so great a degree, that even *then* the Commons possessed sufficient influence to obtain the passing of an Act (under the pretext that the strangers were to be regarded as French spies), ordaining that all Bretons, not denizens, should, under pain of death, leave England before the then 24th of June, 1415. This was in the reign of Henry V. Expostulation, and then gold, was resorted to by the more wealthy individuals, to purchase exemption from the arbitrary decree. But gold, though omnipotent in cases of greater moment, was here unavailing. The fifth Harry deemed it expedient, at this juncture, to conciliate the native traders, and more especially those of the good city of London, by the expulsion of the adventurers. As the Bretons one by one withdrew from the land where they had so long lived and flourished, there might have been seen young wives weeping tears, which they vainly strove to conceal from their foreign husbands, and young maidens plighting troth with those who might never again set foot in England.

It was on the evening of the 23d of June, that a young Harwich maiden was seated at a window, opening upon a delicious garden, just within the eastern wall of the town. The casement was thrown back, so that the perfume from the evening flowers could in no wise be impeded. But the flowers might as well have wasted their sweetness on the desert air as beneath the window of this maiden. Her left elbow rested on the window-sill, and the upraised palm of her left hand supported a soft glowing cheek. Her right hand rested upon a missal that lay upon the window-ledge, and her eyes were cast down; but it could scarcely have been to read, for the sun had long set, and besides, for the last hour, not a leaf of the missal had been stirred. She raised her eyes, and the action of raising the lids caused tears, which had been unheedingly surcharging the lashes, to fall in round drops down the cheek. At this moment a whispered "Mary!" caused the maiden to start; and even in the darkness of the hour her face might have been seen to crimson.

"Mary!" repeated a tall figure, in a dark green tunic, beneath the window, "Mary, this is almost the last hour I may abide in England."

The stranger paused. The maiden's bosom rose, as she listened to this brief address, but she did not speak. Man, in his love, is often unreasonable, and there might have been detected something of disappointment, if not of anger, in the contraction of the brow, as he looked up at the bending figure of his silent mistress.

"Will you not answer me?" he abruptly asked: "Is this to be the end of all I had striven for and hoped?"

"What may I answer?" replied Mary, in a subdued voice; "Alas! Henri, I thought you had been far from England before this."

"Aye," returned the young man, in a bitterness of tone that ill accorded with the received notions of a lover's courtesy, "aye, that I might not intrude upon an hour which should be given to him."

He paused, and from the relaxing of the brow, and the drawing in of the breath, it might have been inferred that the bitterness of feeling which had dictated his language had passed away, and that he now awaited, rather with the feelings of a criminal than an accuser, the fiat which might be pronounced. During this Mary had seated herself as before, within the casement, but bending her head forward as Henri ceased speaking—

"I have not deserved this," she said, with a more firm intonation than she had used before. "Mary Woodman is not wont to boast; but—but"—her voice softened as she went on, "it is hard to be suspected by him, for whom I have borne the reproaches of one whom my own heart tells me truly loves; and have borne, too, the daily upbraidings of a fond father, who had a right to my obedience."

She bent her face on her hands, as she tremulously pronounced the last words; and Henri, who had stood while she spoke with the downcast look of a culprit, caught by the branch of an oak that partly shaded the window, and, with one bold spring, was instantly in the maiden's apartment.

Mary uttered a faint scream; but terror and resentment soon fled before the magical influence of love. All was forgiven and forgotten, except the well-grounded fear for her lover's safety.

"Is not your bark freighted, and does not the light breeze that has wafted away so many vessels this day blow direct for Brittany?"

"My vessel is freighted, and the breeze is favourable; but, Mary, I go not unless with you."

"I dare not, Henri—I dare not call upon myself the curse of the disobedient. But hark! the bell of Saint Nicholas chimes—in another hour it will be midnight. Oh! Henri," she added, with convulsive eagerness, "go this moment to your bark; there is not, I swear, at this hour, one Breton stranger in all England except yourself. There is yet time to escape the felon's death. Hush!" she continued, breaking from his arms, "was not that a foot-fall? Do you not hear a rustling among the bushes yonder?"

"It is only the beating of your own little heart."

"There again. Hush!"

"If the leaves do rustle, love, it is because the breeze is freshening."

"Then, Henri, if the breeze does freshen, surely it is a warning to depart. If you will not hearken to my voice, hearken, at least, to the voice of the winds of Heaven."

There was that imploring earnestness in her speech, and that agonizing entreaty in her countenance, revealed by the moonlight, that Henri could not but swerve from his fixed purpose; however, he essayed a last attempt;—

"Would you have me go alone, Mary? Shall no smile of thine gladden my far-off home?"

"It is too late!"



"Say not so, dearest! The first air we breathe in Brittany shall waft our marriage-vow to Heaven—and 'till then I swear——"

"Swear not, Henri: a maiden's fame is of higher price than even her love. Were I your wife—but it is too late—besides, my father—Oh! fly while there is yet time!"

And Henri did, at length, retire with only the promise of an early meeting, at a point where a stranger might land with little fear of detection. Mary breathed freer as he dropped from the window, and when she saw him pass the clustering shrubs which concealed the gate by which he had entered, her heart felt an indescribable relief. But just at this point, the burthen which had been taken from Mary seemed transferred, with all its oppression, to the young merchant. It was in vain that he raised the wooden latch, which had ever been the only fastening to the gate—it was in vain that he exerted all his strength, it would not open. He could easily have broken the door to splinters, and so have forced a passage; but the noise would alarm Mary, and in all probability her father, and that was a thing by no means to be desired. His next impulse was to scale the garden-wall; but he felt that Mary was at her casement, and so could not fail to observe him, as he rose above the bushes which at present concealed his figure. He tried another tug at the gate, but to as little effect. What was to be done? He sprung across the garden. Mary, in the confidence that he had departed, was leaning her head on her arm, weeping the bitter tears of desolation.

"Mercy—Henri! why are you here?" she asked, starting up, and bending out of the window in a perfect agony.

"The gate is fastened, Mary, and I came to tell you, lest you might be alarmed if you saw me scaling the wall."

"The gate fastened!—then you are lost!" said Mary, clasping her hands. "Robert Halton is as bitter in his hate as he is—but fly, any how! Regain your vessel before the hour strikes. Oh! that I might accompany you, or at least share in whatever befalls."

"And why not, Mary?" asked Henri, eagerly; "was it not in that hope I have lingered even until this last hour?"

"No, no!" answered Mary, impatiently, "it cannot be; but fly! for mercy's sake lose not a moment!"

Henri, after gazing an instant, darted away, and she saw him climb the ivy-covered wall, and saw him wave his hand as he stood on the summit. He dropped from her sight, and then she heard the sounds of man's wrath, and the words "craven-liar!" and then the clash of weapons smote as a death-knell upon her ear. But the clang of strife which at other times would have chilled her heart, seemed now but to lend fresh energy to her frame. The blood mantled upon her cheek, and the retiring maiden, at this late hour, swung from the window-sill and dropped into the garden. The obstruction, of whatever nature it might have been, was removed. Mary, with the slightest possible effort, opened the garden-gate, and, in the shadow of the moonlight, looked out upon the fearful scene. She had just noted that, besides the two whose weapons were flashing,

there were other armed men, standing stealthily apart, when the church-bell chimed.

"Henri—to sanctuary!—you are betrayed!" shrieked out Mary, as she perceived the satellites of her rejected lover about to surround their intended victim. At the sound of her voice the young merchant turned round, and, at the instant, received a wound on his shoulder; a second, more deadly, would have followed, had not a female hand arrested the blow.

"Away, Henri!" again shrieked out the heroic girl, as she stood between the combatants; "the way to the church is yet open." And Henri, who saw at a glance his peril, fled, and, lacerated and bleeding, at length gained the porch.

It was then that Mary, who had followed with a swift foot and a beating heart, gave the first evidence of *woman's* feeling. An hysterical sob burst from her lips—her eyes closed—and she would have fallen to the ground, had not one who with a demon's malice had marked her daring, sprang forward and caught her in his arms. But it was merely the body that had been exhausted—the spirit was yet awake; and this contact with one, whom she never could have loved, and whom, at this moment, she regarded with every feeling of dislike of which her nature was susceptible, aroused her dormant energies. She disengaged herself, and was turning, with a faltering step, away, when Robert Halton's deep voice arrested her.

"Mary Woodman! why are you thus, at midnight, following the steps of a felon?"

"My purpose is honest, Master Halton. Had your's been so, Mary Woodman would not have been witnessing ruffian hirelings besetting the stranger."

"Your father would hardly call your purpose honest, Mistress Mary," replied Halton, in a sarcastic tone. "Methinks it is enough to put honesty to the blush to see a discreet maiden periling life and good name for the robber who drops from her father's walls!"

"Robber!" repeated Mary, with indignation. "Did you not basely secure the gate?"

"And what did *he* within that gate?—and what did he within your chamber?—and what *said* he as you lay upon his bosom?" fiercely interrogated Halton.

"If you saw him in my chamber, you heard his words—they were not said in a whisper. Let me pass!"

"I *did* hear his words—and you shall hear mine. Did I not swear to you, on the eve of the last blessed Christmas, that he for whom I was rejected should, before six months, be branded as a felon! You laughed at me, and has it not come to pass? And I here swear again, that if the craven, who hugs himself in his sanctuary, *does* leave unharmed the shores of England, he goes *alone*. The air of Brittany shall never waft thy marriage-vow to Heaven—no smile of thine shall ever gladden *his* home!"

He turned away, in the bitterness of his soul; and Mary, whose steps were no longer impeded, fled tremblingly towards her home, and regained her garden-chamber in safety.

It was at midnight, the fortieth from his seeking the sanctuary of the church, that the young Breton merchant, having passed the customary period of penance, and having abjured the realm, and vowed to hasten with all convenient speed on shipboard, received from the priest the farewell benediction, and the symbol which was to protect him until his foot should rest on the deck of his own bark.

With a large wooden cross in his hand, and attended by a priest, the young man issued from the church-porch. A broad moon was shedding almost the light of day upon the silent town; and, as his conductor led the way to the eastern gate, beyond which, upon the waters of the German Ocean, his little vessel was riding at anchor, he cast a yearning anxious look at the stone house, and the enclosed garden, which held his heart's treasure—her for whom he had thus subjected himself to this degradation. He paused and looked across, with the determination of attempting a parting interview; but, as he looked again, and saw that his guide had gone steadily forward, and was now considerably in advance, he remembered that his protection lay only upon the high road. After a momentary inward struggle, and one farewell glance, he quickened his pace, and presently gained upon his conductor. Being arrived at the east gate, the priest, commanding the watchman to allow the penitent to pass, bestowed a benediction and an injunction, and turned to retrace his steps. Henri, having bent his head to the ecclesiastic, passed through the gates, which were hastily closed after him.

Grasping firmly the cross, he went on silent and solitary, until an abrupt turning in the road brought the sound of the splashing waves like the welcome voice of a friend, distinctly to his ear. At this moment, when his heart beat high with a feeling of security, he heard, or fancied he heard, the whisper of a human voice. He stopped, and looked around. On one side was a high straggling hedge—on the other an old ash tree; and some clustering underwood was thrown partly in the shadow by the sharp projection of an overhanging crag. As his eye rested upon the ill-defined space beneath the crag, a figure enveloped in a cloak, and wearing a broad-brimmed slouching hat, moved from beneath the ash.

A suspicion of treachery crossed Henri's mind. He clasped his only protective weapon closer to his breast, and was moving rapidly away, when a scarcely murmured "Henri!" fell on his ear. He turned, and flinging down the cross, caught the trembling, loving Mary to his bosom.

"My sweetest love!" and "I was afraid even *you* would condemn me!" were the only words distinguishable, ere regardless of life or limb, a man jumped from the crag above, and, with a giant-grasp, seized Henri, and dragging him from the terrified maiden, they struggled and strove until they both rolled in the dust. At the same instant a shrill whistle, and a snapping asunder of the twigs of the opposite hedge, told Mary that her lover was now indeed betrayed, and under this conviction she fled towards the harbour.

"Felon!—craven!" thundered Halton, as the ruffians had overpowered Henri; "I could, with a good stomach, stab you to the



heart with this (brandishing a dagger), and feast my eyes with your dying throes! but I will not: No—had you kept your cross, such might have been—and now, on the gallows-tree, you will learn something of what I felt when thy coward-gripe was on my throat!—“Ye can swear,” he continued, addressing his myrmidons, “that this felon flung away his cross—for the rest I will answer to the Mayor. Look out the strongest arm of that ash—aye, that will do: now fasten this round his throat!” throwing a cord to the most powerful of the accomplices.

The conflict was short, and fearful, and desperate, even as might be the strife when *one* was struggling for life, and numbers were seeking to earn gold; but the many prevailed, and Halton gave a short demoniacal laugh as the writhing body of his rival was suspended from the tree. But scarcely had the ruffians secured the gold that was flung among them, ere advancing footsteps were suddenly heard.

Halton's quick eye caught the glimpse of men. They rushed on, and a wild female shriek burst from the midst. The mariners struck right and left, and the foremost springing upon the tree, the next moment Henri's swollen face was pressed to the hot, tearful cheek, of her who loved him.

The suspension had been, as it were, but momentary, but the young man's perceptions were strangely deadened. He was conscious that he was hurried on by one whose arm was around his waist, and whose moist burning cheek sustained his own throbbing temples. He was conscious, too, that there was a parrying—a thrusting—a sort of running fight; but he was conscious of little else until his feet were bathed in the cooling waves. It was then that sensation really returned, and, in endeavouring to shake off the incumbrance that kept him from joining in the strife, he heard a shriek and a splash, and a sudden hush of the clashing weapons. His eyes were opened, and he looked around; he saw his bark and his mariners, but he saw not Mary! Was it she who had dropped in the surge? Before the thought could flash across his brain, one, whom he knew to be Halton, flung down his weapon, and leaped into the sea. This brought conviction, and with a shout of agony he sprang in also.

But the dreadful excitement overpowered his gathering senses; unconsciously he was borne by his faithful mariners to his bark, and alone the Breton merchant departed from England.

The spot is still pointed out where the greedy waves swallowed the devoted girl, and there is a rocky point from which it is said the Mayor's son leaped when he sought an ocean-grave!

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## A DINNER AT POPLAR WALK.

MR. MINNS was a bachelor of *about* forty, as he said—of about eight and forty, as his friends said. He was always exceedingly clean, precise, and *tidy*, perhaps somewhat priggish, and the most “retiring man in the world.” He usually wore a brown frock-coat without a wrinkle, light inexplicables without a spot, a neat neckerchief with a remarkably neat tie, and boots without a fault; moreover, he always carried a brown silk umbrella with an ivory handle. He was a clerk in Somerset House, or, as he said, he held “a responsible situation under Government.” He had a good and increasing salary, in addition to some 10,000*l.* of his own (invested in the funds), and he occupied a first floor in Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, where he had resided for twenty years, having been in the habit of quarrelling with his landlord the whole time, regularly giving notice of his intention to quit on the first day of every quarter, and as regularly countermanding it on the second. He had but two particular horrors in the world, and those were dogs and children. His prejudice arose from no unamiability of disposition, but that the habits of the animals were continually at variance with his love of order, which might be said to be equally as powerful as his love of life. Mr. Augustus Minns had no relation in or near London, with the exception of his cousin, Mr. Octavius Bagshaw, to whose son, whom he had never seen (for he disliked the father), he had consented to become godfather by proxy. Mr. Bagshaw having realized a moderate fortune by exercising “the trade or calling” of a corn-chandler, and having a great predilection for *the country*, had purchased a cottage in the vicinity of Stamford Hill, whither he retired with the wife of his bosom and his only son, Master Alexander Augustus Bagshaw. One evening, as Mr. and Mrs. B. were admiring their son, discussing his various merits, talking over his education, and disputing whether the classics should be made an essential part thereof, the lady pressed so strongly upon her husband the propriety of cultivating the friendship of Mr. Minns in behalf of their son, that Mr. Bagshaw at last made up his mind that it should not be his fault if he and his cousin were not in future more intimate.

“I’ll break the ice, my love,” said Mr. Bagshaw, stirring up the sugar at the bottom of his glass of brandy-and-water, and casting a sidelong look at his spouse to see the effect of the announcement of his determination—“by asking Minns down to dine with us on Sunday.”

“Then, pray, Bagshaw, write to your cousin at once,” replied his spouse; “who knows, if we could only get him down here, but that he might take a fancy to our Alexander, and leave him his property?—Alick, my dear, take your legs off the rail of the chair.”

“Very true,” said Mr. Bagshaw, musing; “very true indeed, my love.”

On the following morning, as Mr. Minns was sitting at his breakfast table, alternately biting his dry toast and casting a look upon the columns of the *Times*, which he always read from the title to the

printer's name, he heard a loud knock at the street door, which was shortly afterwards followed by the entrance of his servant, who put into his hand a particularly small card, on which was engraved, in immense letters, "Mr. Octavius Bagshaw, AMELIA COTTAGE (Mrs. B.'s name was Amelia), Poplar Walk, Stamford Hill."

"Bagshaw!" ejaculated Minns, "what the deuce can bring that vulgar fellow here?—Say I am asleep—say I've broken my leg—any thing."

"But, please, Sir, the gentleman's coming up," replied the servant:—and the fact was made perfectly evident by an appalling creaking of boots on the staircase, accompanied by a pattering noise, the cause of which Minns could not for the life of him divine.

"Hem! show the gentleman in," said he, in a state of desperation.—Exit servant, and enter Octavius, preceded by a large white dog, dressed in a suit of fleecy-hosiery, with pink eyes, large ears, and no perceptible tail. The cause of the pattering on the stairs was now but too plain.—If it be possible for a man to entertain a feeling of the most deep-rooted and unconquerable aversion to any one thing, Minns entertained this feeling towards an animal of the canine species. This, by the way, was hinted before.

"My dear fellow, how are you?" said Mr. Bagshaw, as he entered. (He always spoke at the top of his voice, and always said the same thing half-a-dozen times.)—"How are you, my hearty?"

"How do you do, Mr. Bagshaw?—Pray, take a chair," politely stammered the discomfited Minns.

"Thank you, thank you. Well, how are you, eh?"

"Uncommonly well, thank ye," said Minns, casting a diabolical look at the dog, who, with his hind-legs on the floor, and his fore-paws resting on the table, was dragging a bit of bread-and-butter out of a plate, which, in the ordinary course of things, it was natural to suppose he would eat with the buttered side next the carpet.

"Ah, you rogue!" said Bagshaw to his dog.—"You see, Minns, he's like me, always at home: eh, my boy!—Egad, I'm precious hot and hungry! I've walked all the way from Stamford Hill, this morning."

"Have you breakfasted?" ejaculated Minns.

"Oh, no!" returned Bagshaw. "Oh, no!—Came to town to breakfast with you; so, ring the bell, my dear fellow, will you? and let's have another cup and saucer, and the cold ham.—Make myself at home, you see!" he continued, dusting his boots with a table napkin. "Ha! ha! ha!—'Pon my life, I'm hungry!"

Minns rang the bell, and tried to smile, but looked as merry as a farthing rushlight in a fog.

"I decidedly never was so hot in my life," continued Octavius, wiping his forehead.—"Well, but how are you, Minns? 'Pon my soul, you wear capially!"

"Humph! 'dye think so?"

"'Pon my life, I do!"

"Mrs. B. and—what's his name—quite well?"

"Alick, my son, you mean. Never better—never better. But such a place as we've got at Poplar Walk! you know. It certainly is



a most capital place—beautiful! I'll trouble you for another cup of tea. Let's see—what was I saying? Oh! I know! Such a beautiful place! When I first saw it, by Jove! it looked so knowing, with the front garden like, and the green railings, and the brass knocker, and all that—I really thought it was a cut above me."

"Don't you think you'd like the ham better," interrupted Minns, "if you cut it the other way?" as he saw, with feelings which it is impossible to describe, that his visitor was cutting, or rather maiming, the ham, in utter violation of all established rules.

"No, thank ye," returned Bagshaw, with the most barbarous indifference to crime; "I prefer it this way—it eats short. But, I say, Minns, when will you come down and see us? You'll be delighted with the place; I know you will. Amelia and I were talking about you the other night, and Amelia said—another lump of sugar, please: thank ye—she said, 'Don't you think you could contrive, my dear, to say to Mr. Minns, in a friendly way'—Come down, Sir—damn the dog! He's spoiling your curtains, Minns—Ha! ha! ha!"—Minns leaped from his seat as though he had received the discharge from a galvanic battery.

"Come out, Sir!—go out, hoo!" cried poor Augustus, keeping, nevertheless, at a very respectful distance from the dog, having read of a case of hydrophobia in the paper of that morning. By dint of great exertion, much shouting, and a marvellous deal of poking under the tables with a stick and umbrella, the dog was at last dislodged, and placed on the landing, outside the door, where he immediately commenced a most appalling howling; at the same time vehemently scratching the paint off the too-nicely varnished bottom pannels of the door, until they resembled the interior of a backgammon-board.

"A good dog for the country, that!" coolly observed Bagshaw to the distracted Minns,— "he's not much used to confinement, though. But now, Minns, when will you come down? I'll take no denial, positively. Let's see—to-day's Thursday;—will you come on Sunday? We dine at five. Don't say no—do." After a great deal of pressing, Mr. Augustus Minns, driven to despair, and finding that if the dog, remained in the house much longer, he, Mr. Augustus Minns, might just as well lodge in the Zoological Gardens, accepted the invitation, and promised to be at Poplar Walk on the ensuing Sunday, at a quarter before five, to the minute.

"Now, mind the direction," said Bagshaw: "the coach goes from the Flower-pot, in Bishopsgate-street, every half hour. When the coach stops at the Swan, you'll see, immediately opposite you, a white house——"

"Which is your house—I understand," said Minns, wishing to cut the story and the visit at the same time.

"No, no, that's not mine; that's Grogus's, the great ironmonger's. I was going to say, you turn down by the side of the white house till you can't go another step further—mind that; and then you turn to your right, by some stables—well; close to you you'll see a wall with 'BEWARE OF THE DOG,' written upon it in large letters—[Minns shuddered]—go along by the side of that wall for about a quarter of a mile, and anybody will show you which is my place."

"Very well—thank ye—good bye."

"Be punctual."

"Certainly: good morning."

"I say, Minns, you've got a card?"

"Yes, I have: thank ye." And Mr. Octavius Bagshaw departed, leaving his cousin looking forward to his visit of the following Sunday with the feelings of a penniless poet to the weekly visit of his Scotch landlady.

Sunday arrived; the sky was bright and clear; crowds of clean, decently-dressed people were hurrying along the streets, intent on their different schemes of pleasure for the day; and every thing, and every body, looked cheerful and happy but Mr. Augustus Minns.

The day was fine, but the heat was considerable; and, by the time Mr. Minns had fagged up the shady side of Fleet Street, Cheapside, and Threadneedle Street, he had become pretty warm, tolerably dusty, and it was getting late into the bargain. By the most extraordinary good fortune, however, a coach was waiting at the Flower Pot, into which Mr. Augustus Minn's got, on the solemn assurance of the cad that the coach would start in three minutes—that being the time the coach was allowed to wait "by act of Parliament." A quarter of an hour elapsed, and there were no signs of moving. Minns looked at his watch for the sixth time.

"Coachman, *are* you going or not?" bawled Mr. Minns (with his head and half his body out of the coach-window).

"Di—rectly, Sir," said the coachman, with his hands in his pockets, looking as much unlike a man in a hurry as possible.—"Bill, take them cloths off." Five minutes more elapsed; at the end of which time the coachman mounted the box, from whence he looked down the street, and up the street, and hailed all the pedestrians for another five minutes.

"Coachman! If you don't go this moment I shall get out," said Mr. Minns, rendered desperate by the lateness of the hour, and the impossibility of being in Poplar Walk at the appointed time.

"Going this minute, Sir," was the reply;—and, accordingly, the coach trundled on for a couple of hundred yards, and then stopped again. Minns doubled himself up into a corner of the coach, and abandoned himself to fate.

"Tell your missis to make haste, my dear—'cause here's a gentleman inside vich is in a desperate hurry." In about five minutes more missis appeared, with a child and two band-boxes, and then they set off.

"Be quiet, love!" said the mother—who saw the agony of Minns, as the child rubbed its shoes on his new drab trowsers—"be quiet, dear! Here, play with this parasol—don't kick the gentleman."

The interesting infant, however, with its agreeable plaything, contrived to tax Mr. Minns's ingenuity, in the "art of self-defence," during the ride; and amidst these infantile assaults, and the mother's apologies, the distracted gentleman arrived at the Swan, when, on referring to his watch, to his great dismay he discovered that it was a quarter past five. The white house, the stables, the "Beware of the Dog,"—every landmark was passed, with a rapidity not unusual

to a gentleman of a certain age when too late for dinner. After the lapse of a few minutes, Mr. Minns found himself opposite a yellow brick house, with a green door, brass knocker, and door-plate, green window-frames, and ditto railings, with "a garden" in front, that is to say, a small, loose bit of gravelled ground, with one round and two scalene triangular beds, containing a fir-tree, twenty or thirty bulbs, and an unlimited number of marigolds. The taste of Mr. or Mrs. Bagshaw were further displayed by the appearance of a Cupid on each side of the door, perched upon a heap of large chalk flints, variegated with pink conc-shells. His knock at the door was answered by a stumpy boy, in drab-livery with a parsley-and-butter border, cotton stockings and high-lows, who, after hanging his hat on one of the dozen brass-pegs which ornamented the passage, denominated by courtesy 'The Hall,' ushered him into a front drawing-room, commanding a very extensive view of the backs of the neighbouring houses. The usual ceremony of introduction, and so forth, over, Mr. Minns took his seat, not a little agitated at feeling that he was the last comer, and, somehow or other, the Lion of a dozen people, sitting together in a small drawing-room, getting rid of that most tedious of all time, the time preceding dinner.

"Well, Brogson," said Bagshaw, addressing an elderly gentleman in a black coat, drab knee-breeches, and long gaiters, who, under pretence of inspecting the prints in an Annual, had been engaged in satisfying himself upon the subject of Minns' general appearance, by looking at him over the top of the leaves—"well, Brogson, what do ministers mean to do? Will they go out, or what?"

"Oh—why—really, you know, I'm the last person in the world to ask for news. Your cousin, from *his situation*, is the most likely person to answer the question."

Mr. Minns having assured the last speaker, that, although he was in Somerset House, he possessed no official communication relative to the projects of his Majesty's Ministers. His remark was evidently received incredulously; and no further conjectures being hazarded on the subject, a long pause ensued, during which the company occupied themselves in coughing and blowing their noses, until the entrance of Mrs. Bagshaw caused a general rise.

The ceremony of introduction being over, dinner was announced, and down stairs the party proceeded accordingly: Mr. Minns escorting Mrs. Bagshaw as far as the drawing-room door, but being prevented, by the narrowness of the stair-case, from extending his gallantry any further. The dinner passed off as such dinners usually do. Ever and anon, amidst the clatter of knives and forks, and the hum of conversation, Mr. Bagshaw's voice might be heard asking a friend to take wine, and assuring him he was glad to see him; and a good deal of by-play took place between Mrs. Bagshaw and the servants respecting the removal of the dishes, during which her countenance assumed the variations of a weather-glass, sometimes "stormy" and occasionally "set fair." Upon the dessert and wine being placed on the table, the servant, in compliance with a significant look from Mrs. Bagshaw, brought down "Master Alexander," habited in a sky-blue suit with silver buttons, and with hair of nearly the same colour

as the metal. After sundry praises from his mother, and various admonitions as to his behaviour from his pa, he was introduced to his godfather.

"Well, my little fellow—you're a fine boy, an't you?" said Minns, as happy as a tom-tit upon bird-lime.

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Eight, next We'nsday. How old are *you*?"

"Alexander," interrupted his mother, "how dare you ask Mr. Minns how old he is?"

"He asked me how old *I* was," said the precocious darling, to whom Minns had, from that moment, internally resolved he never would bequeath one shilling. As soon as the titter occasioned by the observation had subsided, a little smirking man with red whiskers, sitting at the bottom of the table, who, during the whole of dinner, had been endeavouring to obtain a listener to some stories about Sheridan, called out, with a very patronizing air—"Alick, what part of speech is *be*?"

"A verb."

"That's a good boy," said Mrs. Bagshaw, with all a mother's pride. "Now, you know what a verb is?"

"A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer; as, I am—I rule—I am ruled. Give me an apple, Ma."

"I'll give you an apple," replied the story-teller, who was clearly one of those bores who are commonly called 'friends of the family,' "if you'll tell me what is the meaning of, *be*."

"Be?" said the prodigy, after a little hesitation—"an insect that gathers honey."

"No, dear," frowned Mrs. B.,—"B double E is the substantive."

"I don't think he knows much yet about *common* substantives," said the smirking gentleman, who thought this an admirable opportunity for letting off a joke: "It's clear he's not very well acquainted with *proper names*. He! he! he!"

"Gentlemen," called out Mr. Bagshaw, from the end of the table, in a stentorian voice, and with a very important air, "will you have the goodness to charge your glasses? I have a toast to propose."

"Hear! hear!" cried the gentlemen, passing the decanters. After they had made the round of the table, Mr. Bagshaw proceeded—

"Gentlemen: there is an individual present——"

"Hear! hear!" said the little man with the red whiskers.

"*Pray* be quiet, Jones!" remonstrated Bagshaw, *sotto voce*.

"I say, gentlemen, there is an individual present," resumed the host, "in whose society, I am sure, we must take great delight—and—and—the conversation of that individual must have afforded to every individual present the utmost pleasure."—"Thank Heaven he does not mean me!" thought Minns, conscious that his diffidence and exclusiveness had prevented his saying above a dozen words since he entered the house.—"Gentlemen, I am but a humble individual myself, and I perhaps ought to apologize for allowing any individual feelings of friendship and affection for the person I allude to, to induce me to venture to rise to propose the health of that person—a



person that, I am sure—that is to say, a person whose virtues must endear him to those who know him—and those who have not the pleasure of knowing him, cannot dislike him.”

“Hear! hear!” said the company, in a tone of encouragement and approval.

“Gentlemen,” continued Bagshaw, “my cousin is a man who—who is a relation of my own.”—(Hear! hear!)—Minns groaned audibly—“who I am most happy to see here, and who, if he were not here, would certainly have deprived us of the great pleasure we all feel in seeing him. (Loud cries of hear!)—Gentlemen: I feel that I have already trespassed on your attention for too long a time. With every feeling of—of—with every sentiment of—of—

“Gratification”—suggested the friend of the family.

“—Of gratification, I beg to propose the health of Mr. Minns.”

“Standing, gentlemen!” shouted the indefatigable little man with the whiskers—“and with the honours. Take your time from me, if you please. Hip! hip! hip!—Za—Hip! hip! hip!—Za!—Hip! hip! hip!—Za—a—a!”

All eyes were now fixed on the subject of the toast, who, by gulping down port-wine at the imminent hazard of suffocation, endeavoured to conceal his confusion. After as long a pause as decency would admit, with a face as red as a flamingo, he rose; but, as the newspapers sometimes say in their reports of the debates, “we regret that we are quite unable to give even the substance of the honourable gentleman’s observations.” The words “present company—honour—present occasion,” and “great happiness”—heard occasionally, and repeated at intervals, with a countenance expressive of the utmost misery, convinced the company that he was making an excellent speech; and, accordingly, on his resuming his seat, they cried “Bravo!” and manifested tumultuous applause. Jones, who had been long watching his opportunity, then darted up.

“Bagshaw,” said he, will you allow *me* to propose a toast?”

“Certainly,” replied Bagshaw, adding in an under tone to Minns right across the table—“Devilish sharp fellow that: you’ll be very much pleased with his speech. He talks equally well on any subject.” Minns bowed, and Mr. Jones proceeded:

“It has on several occasions, in various instances, under many circumstances, and in different companies, fallen to my lot to propose a toast to those by whom, at the time, I have had the honour to be surrounded. I have sometimes, I will cheerfully own—for why should I deny it—felt the overwhelming nature of the task I have undertaken, and my own utter incapability to do justice to the subject. If such have been my feelings, however, on former occasions, what must they be now—now—under the extraordinary circumstances in which I am placed. (Hear! hear!)—To describe my feelings accurately would be impossible; but I cannot give you a better idea of them, gentlemen, than by referring to a circumstance which happens, oddly enough, to occur to my mind at the moment. On one occasion, when that truly great and illustrious man, Sheridan was——”

“Please, Sir,” said the boy, entering hastily, and addressing Bag-

shaw, "as it's a *very* wet ev'ning, the nine o'clock stage has come round to know, whether any one's going to town. There's room for *one* inside."

Minns, who had some time meditated suicide, now, with a courage heretofore unknown, started up to secure the chance of escape.

Many were the expressions of surprise, and numerous the entreaties to stay, when Minns persisted in his determination to accept the offer of the vacant inside place. It was useless to press him further; so, after detaining the coach for the purpose of looking for his umbrella, and then making the pleasant discovery that he had left it in the other coach coming down, Minns was informed by the parsley-and-butter coated boy that the coachman "could'n't wait no longer; but if the gentleman would make haste, he might catch him at the Swan." Minns muttered, for the first time in his life, a diabolical ejaculation. It was of no use that fresh entreaties poured upon him. Quite as effective was the appeal of Master Alick, who, after dabbling half-an-hour in raspberry jam and custard, and fixing the print of his paws on Minns' trowsers, cried out—"Do stop, godpa—I like you—Ma' says I am to coax you to leave me all your money!"—Had Minns been stung by an electric eel, he could not have made a more hysteric spring through the door-way; nor did he relax his speed until, arriving at the Swan, he saw the coach drive off—full inside and out.

It was half-past three in the morning ere Mr. Augustus Minns knocked faintly at No. 11, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. He had footed it every step of the way from Poplar Walk:—he had not a dry thread about him, and his boots were like pump-suckers. Never from that day could Mr. Minns endure the name of Bagshaw or Poplar Walk. It was to him as the writing on the wall was to Belshazzar. Mr. Minns has removed from Tavistock Street. His residence is at present a secret, as he is determined not to risk another assault from his cousin and his pink-eyed poodle.

#### THE POLISH "FOURTH OF THE LINE."

On the fall of Napoleon, the Congress of Vienna having re-constituted a *simulacrum* of the kingdom of Poland, Lukasenski passed into the new army that was organizing by order of the Emperor Alexander, and in a short time was appointed major of that Fourth regiment of the line since so famous in the war of independence. This corps had already distinguished itself by the admirable order which Lukasenski had introduced into it. Such was its discipline and splendid appearance, that the Grand Duke Constantine always gave it a marked preference, loved to call it his young guard, and never allowed it to go out of Warsaw. The pro-consul little dreamt, at the time, that in so skilfully organizing his countrymen, the young major was aiming at something higher than the suffrages of a Muscovite; and he was certainly far from foreseeing that this regiment, this ob-

ject of his especial favour, would one day turn their arms against his Russians, and would merit the first place for their patriotism and bravery, even among the brave battalions of Poland.

From the middle of the last century, the Poles, narrowly watched and oppressed by their treacherous neighbours, saw themselves under the necessity of recurring to secret associations, in order to deceive foreign tyranny, and to secure some rallying points against perfidy and violence. It was with this object that were prepared the glorious Confederation of Bar, in 1769, the labours of the Constituent's Diet, the insurrection of 1794, and those that followed; and, lastly, the organization of the Polish legion in Italy and France. The national patriotism of the Poles lends itself singularly to these mysterious enterprises, but that the character of the people is neither dissimulating or treacherous; on the contrary, their native frankness has rarely or ever been able entirely to conceal a project of insurrection from the *espionage* of their despots. But, in expiation of this over frankness of character, the Poles have constantly exhibited, in the dungeon, so admirable a firmness, that the plot has always survived the arrest of some of the accomplices. In vain have the inquisitors in turn employed *ruse* or violence, pompous promises, or the most re-refined tortures—never was the secret betrayed; and the loss of some members never prevented the continuation of the work.

Thus the association that prepared, ripened, and accelerated the last revolution was but the continuation of that which, ever since 1819, was continually conducting new victims to prison. Though often frustrated by the persecutions of the Russians, it pursued the object in the face of dungeons and of death, and seemed to grow the greater from the obstacles it had to overcome.

The first conception of this association, of which Lukasenski was the principal founder, is due to the illustrious Dombrowski, general-in-chief of the old Polish legions, in Italy. He bitterly expressed, before his death, his regret at the sad fate of Poland, an heroic nation, whose valour had so often contributed to the glory of her chiefs, without having derived any benefit for herself. "At this time" (1818), said he, "what has she to hope, and what has she not to fear? Ought not the Poles every day to tremble at the fate which awaits them to-morrow? None of the bonds that constituted the force of Poland now unite her children; and thus divided, who can cheer them upon the future chance of events? When Napoleon escaped from the island of Elba, had he even have brought back his eagles in triumph to the banks of the Vistula, what would have been the result for Poland? Rivers of blood, new combats, new victories, but independence and liberty—never! In whoever's cause the Poles have shivered their lances, what has either victory or defeat done for them? Weak, because they are divided and disunited, what conditions can they expect from the conqueror? None but those which policy will advise him to impose. Why," said he, "is it not possible to rekindle the fire that burns at the bottom of the heart of every true friend of his country? Why can I not awaken the former energy of those Poles, who, to be free and powerful as their forefathers, need only believe in their strength, and re-assert their former greatness? Whoever are the men



who direct, whatever the government that rules them, let it be their object to concentrate their opinions, their desires, and their efforts. Let the nation again become herself, and then one day she may recover her ancient independence and her liberty."

Such were the patriotic views of Dombrowski. Whether this general really made use of the words attributed to him, or whether they were placed to his account in order to exculpate others, it is certain that it was Lukasenski who first conceived the idea of carrying them into execution.

Profiting by the toleration of the police towards freemasonry, he organized, in concert with some of his friends, a private association, under the name of national freemasonry. In its external form analogous to the ordinary masonic institutions, the two rites differed in this sense—that, instead of having in view a universal fraternity, the national freemasonry was completely Polish in its operation. All the symbols and ceremonies suggested to the brothers the name of Poland: they wore the national colours; the great historical names served them as pass-words; and the catechism breathed but the love of the country, and the oath inculcated fidelity unto death.

Such an association was certainly of a nature to give umbrage to the government: this the founders felt; and in order to veil the real objects of the association, they skilfully confounded the duties they owed the king with those they owed the country. They dwelt upon the works of benevolence, that to the profane appeared to be the object of the institutions: they thus blinded the public as to its lofty conception. This, in fact, was only revealed to the brothers in the fourth degree—a grade reserved to the founders and their most confidential friends: and this conception was to revive the spirit of nationality throughout all the provinces of the kingdom, and, on the first occasion, to avail themselves of these vast elements to recognize the Polish independence.

From Warsaw the national freemasonry spread through all the provinces. There were few regiments that had not their private lodge, besides the new association formed among the officers of the old army of Poniatowski—a host of apostles. Aware of this rapid progress, Lukasenski thought himself, in 1821, sufficiently strong to raise the country, if Yermolof, destined by the Emperor Alexander, at the head of 100,000 Russians, to support the Austrians, had commenced their march.

Unfortunately, at this period, freemasonry was forbidden in the Russian empire and the kingdom of Poland; and thus the national freemasonry lost all those pretexts that had hitherto lulled the mistrust of the authorities. The most timid among the united spoke already of abandoning a re-union positively forbidden by the laws; the more ardent, on the contrary, persisted in their original views, and undertook to transform the work of the prudent Lukasenski into Carbonarism. In the grand duchy of Posen the associates adopted even the denomination of scythe-bearers. In order to regenerate the ancient association, either by concentrating its direction or by giving it a new form, there was, in 1821, a meeting of several chiefs, who came to Warsaw from the extremities of Poland. Through the influence of



General Umenske, a directing committee, composed of seven members, was established in the Polish capital. Unfortunately, in closing the masonic lodges, the police was put upon the traces of the national freemasonry, and, by that means, on that of the new patriotic association. At the same time, an old officer (Karski), who had gone to Paris in order to establish a correspondence with the foreign lodges, was arrested on his return: his papers, seized on the frontier, implicated several individuals, and Lukasenski was not forgotten in the list. But, already, some months before, he had incurred the hatred of the Grand Duke by the following circumstance. A superior officer was brought before a court-martial, of which Lukasenski was a member; the Grand Duke, as he was always in the habit of doing, sent the *sentence already drawn up* to the court, in order that the members might attach their signatures to it, as a mere formality. "I will not sign," said Lukasenski; "for, as a judge, I have the right of judging the case; and if I am not so, my signature is useless." His firmness awakened the scruples of his colleagues, and the order of the Grand Duke was disregarded; but scarcely had he returned to his quarters than Lukasenski was arrested. Placed upon half-pay, he was exiled to Kraszystaw, under the surveillance of Prince Adam, of Wurtemberg.

Some other indiscreet revelations soon aggravated the position of the chiefs of the plot. Colonel Szneyder, who had been initiated by Captain Schrobecki, made use of it to gain Lukasenski's confidence, and to obtain from him a secret mission to Kolisz; but arrested, at the same time, upon a charge of bigamy, Szneyder, on condition of being pardoned, promised to make some important discoveries. It has since been suspected that both Szneyder and Skrobecki were in the pay of the police. However it may be, the Grand Duke, put upon the traces of the plot, immediately arrested the individuals compromised.

Placed in solitary confinement, Lukasenski and his companions in misfortune remained upwards of two years in the famous state prison at Warsaw of the Carmelites. It had just been established in the convent of that name, and which depended on the will of the Grand Duke, who administered it through his aide-de-camp, General Kolzokoff. All that the gaolers of the Inquisition and the Bastile have invented in vigilance and severity, formed the rules of this prison, with the exception of torture, to which hunger was substituted. The prisoners, confined in cells eight feet square, were deprived of light and air; their families, on no pretext whatever, were allowed to communicate with them, and they were rarely or ever allowed the use of writing materials. An extraordinary commission, under the influence, took cognizance of the case of the accused. The examination alone of Lukasenski would fill volumes.

Being unable to deny the existence of the national freemasonry, he assumed upon himself all the responsibility; but he denied its existence after the imperial ukase had forbidden the pure freemasonry. In spite, therefore, of this defence, he was delivered over, with five of his companions, to a military commission presided by the minister of war, Hacke, and in which the famous General Blumer commenced

his Jeffries' career. This commission condemned Lukasenski to nine years' hard labour, Dobrogayski and Dobrzycki to six, and all three to be degraded from their military rank—the rest were acquitted. The Emperor Alexander, in his *inexhaustible clemency*, commuted the sentence of Lukasenski to seven years, and that of his companions to four. The execution of the sentence took place at Warsaw, on the 1st of October of the same year, in the presence of the Russian and Polish armies. The condemned bore it with courage amid the general consternation. Chained to a wheelbarrow, they were afterwards sent to the fortress of Zamock.

The limits of this paper will not permit us to detail the sufferings he underwent in his confinement. Hope never forsook him; and, convinced that it required but a man of head and execution to revolutionize Poland—one ready to sacrifice himself to the cause of independence—he resolved to attempt this, and thought to succeed by seizing the fortress of Zamock; but the indiscretion of one of his accomplices betrayed the existence of this new plot. A court-martial, assembled on the spot, condemned Lukasenski to death. This circumstance reawakened the slumbering hatred of the Grand Duke against Lukasenski: he had long panted for an opportunity of again bringing him to trial, for he was aware that he was yet in the dark respecting the national freemasonry—its object and its ramifications; the unsuccessful attempt at Zamock, therefore, furnished him with a pretext for removing the inquiry. The sentence pronounced against the unfortunate Lukasenski was commuted into imprisonment for life: but what seemed a species of mercy became, in its execution, an atrocious aggravation of the punishment. Once a week the wretched prisoner underwent the punishment of the knout in the presence of a military auditor, who interrogated him at the most poignant moment of his sufferings. Despair, in fact, extracted some indiscreet words from him, which led to the arrest of the members of the ancient directing committee. This was at the moment of the death of the Emperor Alexander, in 1825; and it is too well known how the bloody accession of Nicholas to the throne compromised the celebrated Russian association. This circumstance soon led to the imprisonment of the most distinguished members of that part of Poland who were in correspondence with Pestel, Bestonjiff, and other Muscovite leaders. A commission of inquiry was instituted by Nicholas, under the presidency of Count Haneslon Amoyiski, president of the senate. It was composed of half Russians and half Poles. Lukasenski, brought before it, was called upon to juridicially confirm what had escaped from him before the military auditor. Showing his lacerated back, "Behold, gentlemen," said he, "my body, and weigh well the value of a deposition extracted in a moment of excruciating torture." This noble firmness, and the high-minded independence of the Polish senate, led to the acquittal of all the prisoners.

In the glorious night of the 29th Nov., 1830, when the Fourth of the line, the brave regiment of Lukasenski, acceded the first to the revolution, and signalized their adhesion by the capture of the arsenal, the people and the soldiers forced all the prisons, to deliver the victims of foreign tyranny. But it was in vain that they

sought everywhere for Lukasenski, both at Warsaw and at Zamock—no traces, either of his existence or his decease, could be found. Some time afterwards some Russian prisoners deposed that, in their flight, the guards of Constantine had dragged after them, beyond the bay, a man in rags, chained to a gun-carriage, and heavily ironed. His eyes were hollow, his features contracted by suffering, and a long beard blackened his face. This man was Lukasenski—the hero—the patriot—the martyr!

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### THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

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IN a wild and retired spot, in one of the southern states of North America, there resided, many years ago, on a small plantation which he had purchased, a gentleman of very secluded habits, but of most amiable and prepossessing manners. Nothing was known of him, further than that he was a skilful practitioner of medicine and surgery, whose advice and drugs were always at the service of his neighbours, and their domestics and slaves, whenever other assistance was not at hand. A two-years' residence, however, had procured him, unsought, the whole practice of the extensive district; and, although he had been thus brought into the closest contact with all about him, and was generally known for many miles beyond the precincts of his labours, no one, in all that time, had been able to discover the cause of his seclusion; or, in fact, any thing more of him than appeared on his visiting card, which bore the name of "Mr. Clinton." He was about thirty years old, of a tall and graceful figure, with highly intellectual and dark handsome features, seldom enlivened by a smile, and which were evidently "o'ersicklied" with something beyond the mere "pale cast of thought." His mild and unobtrusive manners and conversation rendered him a favourite with old and young, the whites and the blacks, while they secured him from the open prying of a curiosity which he seemed, in no one instance, to be desirous to gratify.

About this period Colonel Ashe, a gentleman of large property and of distinguished family in the state, came to reside for a short period on an extensive plantation which he owned in the neighbourhood, and which was situated near to Mr. Clinton's, from which it was divided by about four or five miles of pine forest. He was accompanied by his wife, a lady of great attractions, considerably younger than himself, and two children. As the Colonel was one of the greatest land and slave proprietors in the district, as well as in the country, and was, besides, a senator in the Legislative Assembly of the state, his arrival on this portion of his property was the signal for all kinds of festivities among the planters and their families. Among those invited to his first entertainment was his unknown neighbour, Mr. Clinton, or the Doctor, as he was generally designated; an invitation, however, which, as had been predicted by the neighbours, was most respectfully declined, on the score of ill health—



his usual plea for avoiding parties of pleasure. The same excuse, however, did not prevent him from attending to a subsequent pressing request on the part of Colonel Ashe, the afternoon previous to the entertainment, that he would immediately visit his youngest child, who had been suddenly taken ill.

On Clinton's arrival, he was received, in the absence of the Colonel, who had ridden out with his overseer, by an old grey-headed negro, who immediately conducted him to the door of the nursery, into which he was ushered by a mulatto matron, who, with a young negro wench, immediately retired.

The sun had recently set, and the glow of the evening was just sufficiently excluded from the chamber by the muslin curtains as to shed a soft and mellowed light around. Mrs. Ashe was leaning over the bed, watching the countenance of the little sufferer; but, on hearing the Doctor announced, turned round, and advanced towards him, with her hand extended, to welcome him, for the first time, in her own person, to her husband's mansion. The moment Clinton caught a glimpse of her features, and heard her voice, he started back in consternation, and wildly exclaiming, "God of heaven! Caroline! and alive!" staggered a few paces, and would have fallen to the ground but for the intervention of a couch, upon which he sank, with his hands convulsively pressed over his eyes and brow.

Mrs. Ashe was petrified—for, although her name was indeed Caroline, she had no recollection of ever having seen Mr. Clinton before in her life. The allusion to her being alive, too, was likewise remarkable; as, when about fifteen, in one of her botanical rides, she had been separated from her groom, and, missing her way, was lost in the woods for nearly two days, when she was discovered by her father and his friends. But how this could have so intensely interested a perfect stranger, as she felt Mr. Clinton to be, as to betray him, and at this period, into so strong an expression of feeling, was to her an impenetrable mystery. These reflections passed through her mind like lightning, and were as quickly succeeded by vague feelings that her own destiny, if it had not hitherto been, was about to be, somehow mingled with that of the unhappy and interesting stranger, whose first introduction to her was attended with circumstances so singular and mysterious. For the first time, too, since her marriage, she felt not only the propriety, but the absolute necessity, of concealment from her husband,—the propriety, from a sense of delicacy towards the unhappy gentleman who had thus been, to her, unaccountably led, by her own appearance, into a betrayal of feelings that she understood had been studiously concealed by him from all around him, and which she felt, under the circumstances, ought to be held sacred by her,—the necessity, from a fearful presentiment that the common-place feelings, and rude and irascible temper of the Colonel, would torture the occurrence into a criminal understanding, either past or present, and thereby place both Mr. Clinton and herself in a position of great delicacy, if not danger. Fortunately, for this purpose, her own old nurse, and that of the child, had immediately retired on the entrance of Clinton, and she had been the sole witness to his exclamation and his agony. These



reflections, the work of a moment, and having formed her resolution, she hastily approached the couch, and, placing her hand on Clinton's shoulder, gently attempted to shake him into consciousness.

"Mr. Clinton!" said she, in a hurried tone, in which delicacy, and fear, and sympathy, were touchingly blended—"Mr. Clinton! for heaven's sake, throw off this delusion. We have never met before, believe me; and if this emotion, so strange and unaccountable, continue, we must never meet again—never. You mistake me for some *other*—my maiden name was Duchesne. Look at me again, Mr. Clinton! There! You see I am not the Caroline for whom you took me. Oh, my God! he has fainted again. Sir! sir! unless you instantly throw off this weakness, I must call for assistance. Thank heaven! he revives again. Here, sir, take a glass of wine—another—'twill restore you to yourself. And now, Mr. Clinton, throw off this agitation, and relieve me from this really distressing scene." Clinton strove hard to regain his composure; but his eyes were riveted on the countenance of the lady. "Your emotion, I am convinced," she continued, "was real and irrepressible, on your part; but which, I am assured, as regards myself, is unfounded and impossible."

"Madam," returned Clinton, who had risen on recovering his consciousness, and had listened to the latter part of Mrs. Ashe's address, in great confusion—"Madam, I know not whether I am more astounded at your miraculous resemblance to a young lady, for whose calamitous and untimely loss I am daily and hourly suffering, or at the delicate consideration and fortitude which you have displayed. Yet, believe me, madam, my astonishment falls far short of the feelings of gratitude with which you have inspired me."

Mrs. Ashe having re-assured him of her sympathy in his misfortunes, extended her hand, which he respectfully took in both of his, and, bowing over it until it was touched, for a moment, by his pale and chilly brow, led her to a seat beside her suffering infant, and was soon absorbed in the interesting functions of his profession.

Sensitive persons are ever subject to a morbid fear of having even their most trivial words and actions misconstrued, by those whom they esteem; and, in cases of great moment or delicacy, will oftentimes writhe themselves almost into madness, lest a misconception, or a doubt, should be entertained on any point on which they feel that their honour and veracity might, in the remotest degree, be liable to even the shadow of a suspicion. Under the influence of this latter feeling, Clinton, on his return home that night, sat down, after much tormenting reflection, to pen a more detailed vindication of himself, in the eyes of Mrs. Ashe, than the peculiar circumstances of time and place had allowed him to make. He recounted, unreservedly, the whole progress of his attachment to a beautiful and wealthy young lady, whose mind, disposition, and accomplishments were the full realization of even *his* fastidious conception of the *beau ideal* of feminine perfection. He recited the many unobjectionable offers, from quarters of the highest distinction, that she had rejected; and dwelt, with modest gratitude, on her unhesitating acceptance of his own humble, yet audacious suit. For the rest—he could not trust

his pen with a narrative of the awful and extraordinary catastrophe which deprived him, in a moment, and on a party of pleasure, too, of one in whose existence his whole soul was bound, and in whom was centred all his thoughts, and desires, and hopes of future happiness. He referred to paragraphs from the newspapers, which he enclosed, for an account of the event which had so suddenly hurled him from bliss to misery. In conclusion, he reverted to the almost incredible resemblance of Mrs. Ashe to that unfortunate young lady; in corroboration of which he inclosed her portrait, which she had herself placed in his bosom, on the morning of the day that deprived him of her for ever, and which had never since been removed from his heart.

Having made up the packet, and broken it open a dozen times to gaze yet once again on the portrait, and to press it to his heart and lips, it was sealed for the last time, and Clinton enjoyed a few hours of more refreshing slumber than he had known for a long period. Such is ever the effect of a communication of our sorrows, when we are assured of the sympathy of a fellow-creature!

Early the following morning Clinton rode over to visit his little patient, and availed himself of a favourable opportunity to place his vindication, unseen by a third party, in the hands of Mrs. Ashe, who, fully relying on the honour of her new friend, unhesitatingly received it.

Major, now Colonel Ashe, was in his youth celebrated at college for every thing but application to study, and an observance of the principles and etiquette of polished society. Roving in disposition, fiery and ungovernable in temper, coarse in his manners and pursuits, and slovenly in his appearance, he was the last man that Caroline Duchesne would have chosen, of her own free will, for her lord and master. But she had been betrothed by her father, and he had been peremptory, and the estates were contiguous, and the world—at least the worthy old couple, who formed the only portion of it that she had yet seen—all said it was a fit and proper match—and she strove to be as obedient a wife as she had been a daughter; but she felt that happiness had departed from her for ever with her maiden name. She had since travelled, and mingled with the world at large—which also, however, fully concurred in the opinion of the world of worthy old couple aforesaid, that the marriage of her's and her husband's large properties was a fit and judicious match; and that, with such wealth, and station, and establishments, and equipages, and retinues, she must be the happiest woman on the earth. Alas! what are wealth, and station, and establishments, and equipages, and retinues, and the opinion of the world to boot, to a lovely woman, every day becoming more and more conscious that her heart—that more than all the world to her—had been sacrificed beyond redemption to a mistaken kindness on the part of her parent; and, on her own part, to an exaggerated sense of filial and womanly obedience! It is an old tale—but the court, the city, the cot, in their comparative degree, abound with "modern instances."

Shut up in the retirement of her own chamber, Mrs. Ashe hastened to break the seal of Clinton's packet. The moment the portrait met

her eye, its perfect resemblance to herself entranced her with amazement and consternation. She could not believe, at first, but that it *must* be her own likeness, taken by some skilful artist, employed surreptitiously to portray her, without observation or suspicion. She gradually, however, became convinced that it was indeed, what it assumed to be, the likeness of another; and that the resemblance, however wonderful, was altogether accidental. It was richly set in enamelled gold, encircled with costly diamonds. On the reverse was a small lock of hair, enclosed within a small crystal-covered frame at the top, surrounded with smaller diamonds; beneath which was engraved, within a wreath of rosebuds, beautifully raised, and studded with various coloured precious stones, "The gift of Caroline de la Warre, to Henry Clinton." At the bottom was the date. It was appended to a massy plain gold guard-chain, constructed without clasp or locket, and a cord, somewhat longer, entirely composed of thick plaits of hair, of the same description as the lock at the back, and ingeniously woven in a continuous circle.

So absorbed was Mrs. Ashe in her contemplation of the portrait, and the reflections, profound and mysterious, with which its magic-like resemblance to her own features suggested, that it was some time before she could sufficiently collect her thoughts to enable her to peruse Clinton's M.S., and the paragraph recounting the dreadful catastrophe which deprived the unfortunate Caroline de la Warre of her life, and Henry Clinton of a bride. The perusal was at length accomplished, and Mrs. Ashe sank back on her couch, dissolved in tears. Her first emotions were purely those of sympathy for the unhappy Clinton. But these imperceptibly giving way to reflections on her own ungenial marriage—how different, alas! to that which had awaited that other image of herself!—were succeeded by feelings of admiration at Clinton's constancy to the memory of his betrothed; in flying from those bright scenes of refinement which he was so well calculated to enjoy and to adorn, and, in concealing himself and his sufferings in the gloomy recesses of the forest—a living monument to his unhappy passion. She dwelt upon his sensibility, his affection, his affliction—the goodness and gentleness of his heart and disposition, as described by her neighbours and domestics—the superior qualities of his mind, evident from her own observation, during their short acquaintance—the refinement of his manners, the quiet loftiness of his demeanour, the noble beauty of his countenance—and thought, had

"Heaven made *her* such a man,"

how different, how blissful had been her lot! The equal of Caroline de la Warre, in station and in wealth, and so closely resembling her in personal appearance as to be mistaken for her, and under such circumstances, by Clinton himself, she thought that she, too, might have inspired him with an equal love, had fortune but brought them earlier together. Never before had the whole extent of her misery been so apparent as in that dangerous reverie—for never had she before been so fully conscious of the boundless capabilities of her own heart for the enjoyment of mutual love and happiness. From that



moment the passive langour of resignation was changed with her into an active principle of grief and despair.

Clinton, to the astonishment of all his old friends, was easily persuaded, by Colonel Ashe, to join the party at dinner; and, to their still greater surprise, participated more freely in general conversation than he was ever known by them to have done before. The pent-up sorrows of his bosom had, for the first time since the date of his affliction, found relief, in his vindication to Mrs. Ashe; and in her assured and evident sympathy, and in her features and form, he had discovered, without seeking it, a living link in the chain that bound him to the tomb of his lost Caroline.

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream;" but it was not until some time subsequently, that he felt how unequal upon the heart are the holds of the living and the dead!

Under all these complicated feelings and relations, on the part of Clinton and Mrs. Ashe, added to their perfect congeniality of minds and dispositions, and the dangerous facilities which the professional attendance of the former afforded, to a constant personal interchange of sentiments, it would be matter of surprise to the philosopher, or the man of the world, no less than to the lovers of romance and the sentimental, that a mutual affection should not simultaneously, however unconsciously, have taken root in their hearts; and, in due course of time, sprung up, and ripened into a passion deep and dangerous. The fact, indeed, was soon fully apparent to themselves; but the Rubicon, although not criminally, yet morally, in the consciences of the wife and the widower of the tomb, was passed. To return was impossible—to go farther was equally repugnant to the intentions or hopes of either—for theirs was an intercourse of hearts and affections, which had its origin in virtue, through accidental and mysterious agency, and recoiled at the bare supposition of criminality and degradation. They felt that an irresistible destiny had bound them, in which, as yet, their earthly feelings and infirmities had no participation.

Such sentiments and principles, however refined, and although mutually confident of their own inherent honour, they felt were neither compatible with their relations to each other, nor their individual position in society, and that such a mode of reasoning would neither be understood nor sanctioned by the world, nor did they desire that it should. But they felt, at the same time, that separation, although the only step dictated by prudence and propriety, could neither weaken nor destroy a passion, originated, and founded, and established under such peculiar circumstances and influences; and that it would be infinitely more desirable to cease at once to be, than to exist apart from each other. The high sense of honour, and superior strength of mind of Clinton, would have impelled him, on the first discovery of their mutual passion, to have torn himself at once, and for ever, from the presence of Mrs. Ashe and from the country; but the instinctive penetration of that lady had anticipated such a resolution, and she had bound him, by the most sacred obligations, not to abandon her to her misery and despair, without her



knowledge and consent. The destiny, however, which had so unaccountably brought them together, accelerated the *dévouement*.

The sittings of the legislative assembly being at hand, Colonel Ashe, finding that the ill state of health of his wife would not allow of her present removal from the plantation, was compelled to take his departure alone, to resume his duties in the senate, leaving Clinton, in whom he placed the most implicit confidence, in charge of his family, and empowering him to superintend the management of the estate.

About a month after his departure, he received an anonymous communication, advising him to an immediate return to his domestic duties, unless he was disposed calmly to submit to an usurpation of his rights by one in whom he had placed too unlimited a confidence; and concluding with a hint, that probably a change of air might be found as beneficial to his wife's soul as to her body.

It has been already stated that the Colonel had a fiery and ungovernable temper; in fact, he was continually subject to the most violent orgasms of passion, which were as frightful as they were pitiable. The effect, then, of such a communication, unauthenticated and anonymous as it was, may be easily conceived. The moment he had run it over, he threw his shooting apparatus over his shoulders, and loading a favourite double-barrelled gun, his inseparable companion, with a double charge of buck-shot, mounted his horse, without saying a word to any one, and galloped off in the direction of the estate, to which his return was thus unexpectedly hastened by at least two months. After foundering two horses and riding one to death, he was entering the borders of the plantation, which was the goal of his fury, when, meeting one of his negroes, his wife's favourite groom, he threatened instantly to shoot him through the head, unless he disclosed every thing he knew relative to the intimacy between Mrs. Ashe and Mr. Clinton. The poor fellow, frightened out of his wits, threw himself on his knees, and made the most solemn asseverations of his total ignorance of any thing that could possibly lead him to suspect the infidelity of his mistress. On being further questioned, he readily acknowledged, that early that morning, for the first time in his life, he had been dispatched by his mistress with a note to Mr. Clinton, who had returned an immediate answer, and almost immediately followed him to the mansion, where he then was.

Disappointed in his inquiries, the unhappy man dashed on into a bridle-path through the woods leading to the back of the house, on arriving near to which he dismounted, and securing the horse where it could not be seen, proceeded at a rapid pace, concealing his approach by keeping the out-houses between him and the mansion. Finding no one about likely to announce his unexpected arrival, he passed on with the intention of at once entering the dwelling, when, being about to turn the corner of the front piazza, he saw in it his wife and Clinton, with their backs towards him, the former sitting on a chair, with her head bent back upon the breast of the latter, who was leaning over her, with his arms around her neck, and his face close to hers. The unfortunate husband stood for a moment perfectly stupified; but, recovering himself, levelled his gun with the

most deliberate aim, and, without a word or an exclamation, pulled both triggers at once. The report was followed by a groan and a shriek, and Clinton and Mrs. Ashe fell heavily on the floor of the piazza at the same moment.

Without stopping to ascertain whether life animated either of the prostrate bodies, Colonel Ashe walked hurriedly past them into his wife's chamber, and, forcing open every drawer and cabinet, secured every paper he could find, and rushed out through the back of the house without exchanging a look or a word with the terrified domestics, who were flocking from every direction to the scene of the disaster.

The unfortunate sufferers lay weltering in their own and each other's blood. Life was extinct in both. An open lancet lay beside them, with the remains of a basin which had been broken by their fall. On the outward sill of the piazza-window nearest to where they lay, was an instrument for drawing teeth, with a white cambric pocket-handkerchief wound around it as for immediate use. On examination, the gum about one of Mrs. Ashe's teeth, on the lower row, was found to be partially lacerated preparatory to extraction.

What the unhappy husband had mistaken for amorous dalliance, was merely the ordinary position in a dental operation !

The writer of this melancholy narrative being in the neighbourhood at the time, and well acquainted with the parties, and also with both the counsel for Colonel Ashe on his trial, and the law-officers of the state appointed to arrange the affairs of all persons dying intestate, was allowed to inspect the letters and papers found in Mrs. Ashe's chamber, and those left by the unfortunate Clinton. Among the latter, the only one in the handwriting of Mrs. Ashe, the first and last ever addressed to him by her, was the note he had received on the morning of the catastrophe, and alluded to by that lady's groom. It ran as follows :

"For God's sake, come to me as soon as possible. I have had a dream which has filled me with the most melancholy forebodings. I fear something dreadful is impending over one or both of us. I never was so thoroughly wretched in my life. That tormenting tooth, too, is considerably worse, but the pain it occasions is rest and serenity compared with my mental agonies. I have made up my mind at last to allow you to take it out—so do not forget the necessary instruments. Again and again—come to me without a moment's delay, or I shall go mad—if it be possible to be more so than I am already. Is it not singular that these croaking and complaining lines should be the first I ever penned to you?—Will they be the last?—Oh ! come to me without a moment's delay."

The following extraordinary answer was found among Mrs. Ashe's papers :

"I should have been inclined to have smiled at the seriousness of your apprehensions about your dream, had I not myself had one last night, that has made an impression upon me that dream never did before. But we will smile over the matter together when I join you,

which will be almost immediately. So question not I shall subdue your forebodings as speedily as your tooth-ache. God in heaven bless you!

"I had thrown my dream into doggrel after I awoke, and as it will save the time of telling, I inclose it. Pray don't consider it a specimen of my muse. I shall be with you shortly after the time you have conned it over. It is worth two of your's; for you'll see I dreamt that you told me *you* had dreamed a dream, and that I told you of my having dreamt one, too. God for ever bless you!

"I dreamt I was a little bird  
Up-springing to the sky,  
With anxious haste, as on I whirl'd,  
Thy presence to be nigh.

"I dreamt I lit on that dear tree  
Which near thy casement grows,  
And that I sang a song to thee  
Warning impending woes.

"I dreamt thou cam'st in haste, and threw'st  
The casement open wide,  
And said'st that, thro' a dream, thou knew'st  
That evil would betide.

"I dreamt I said, that I too dream'd  
A dream resembling thine,  
In which some threaten'd evil seem'd  
To blend thy fate with mine.

"I dreamt I flew upon the sill  
At thine own sweet command,  
And lost all thought of coming ill  
While perch'd upon thy hand.

"I dreamt while thus in bliss entranced  
Thou gav'st me crumbs of bread,  
And while I peck'd—HE quick advanced  
And shot thy poor bird dead!"

This remarkable dream, shadowing out, as it were, the fatal catastrophe which took place in the course of the day, was considered not the least singular feature in the development of this extraordinary case.

Among Mrs. Ashe's papers were also a great many other notes, letters, and poems, addressed to her by Clinton, forming the data upon which this hasty and imperfect sketch has been drawn. In the packet containing his vindication was found the portrait of Caroline de la Warre, which it is surprising he had never requested to have returned to him. The incredible exactness of its resemblance to Mrs. Ashe filled every one with astonishment; and, in connection with all the concurrent circumstances of the case, went far to palliate the conduct of both in the minds of even the most fastidious in moral propriety; while many, from a consideration of all the facts that were ascertained, and the inferences to be derived from them, were inclined to regard the whole affair as the result of a particular over-ruling

destiny, by which both parties were irresistibly led for some end inscrutable to human penetration.

The author of the anonymous letter was discovered to be a wretched empiric, who had but lately found his way into the district, and who had hoped, by bringing Clinton into disgrace, to have supplanted him in his practice. Appalled at the fatal and unthought-of result of his villany, he was found suspended from a bed-post in his apartment, having previously forwarded a confession to the injured husband.

Colonel Ashe having thrown himself upon the laws of his country, was, after a minute investigation, acquitted by an intelligent and sympathizing jury, who every where expressed their conviction that no evidence of guilt attached to the memories of the deceased sufferers, further than the indiscretion of having, under very extraordinary circumstances, cherished a romantic passion, however refined and exalted, which it was their duty to have crushed and exterminated—an opinion that found its echo in the minds and hearts of every one acquainted with the parties and their melancholy fate.

W. B. H.

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### A DAY ON THE MOORS.

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“The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,

Or hunt; the young because they liked the sport—

The first thing boys like, after play and fruit.”—*Don Juan*, c. 13.

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GROUSE shooting may be had in many parts of England, but it is a very different affair from the same amusement in the Highland hills of Scotland, holding nearly the same relation to each other as angling in a well-protected fish-pond and the same sport on the banks of a river, amid the wild and beautiful scenery it frequently exhibits. One great charm of the muir is its entire novelty, its obvious and irreconcilable difference from our every-day experience. There is a feeling something similar to that produced by gazing on the ocean, excited by looking over the boundless waste of heather. We are like monarchs, in those solitudes, where we meet no one to dispute our pretensions, and seem to breathe more freely in a region where we are discharged from the ordinary trammels of society. Even in the game which is the object of our pursuit, there is a peculiarity of character: no one, for the first time, ever heard the bold, proud *call* of the grouse, amid the imposing stillness of an extended muir, without being struck by it: it is the note of alarm and defiance by the lord of the soil.

No wonder that an amusement capable of producing such excitements should be purchased by so many sacrifices of time and solicitation, that the relish should be poignant, when the gratifications are so unusual in their kind. A day in the muir has something of the air of an enterprise: we take the field with at least as much of preparation as of expectation; every thing essential to the sport must be



provided, for nothing that has been omitted can be supplied in the lonely glens or mountains. A number of contingencies may interrupt it altogether: the want of a flint, the loss of a screw-driver, a deficiency of wadding, all, or any in this dismal train of evils, are fatal; for there is no means of repairing them, save by returning to your cot; and some of these mishaps, even there, may not admit of remedy. For some, or all of these reasons, every one feels the difference between grouse and partridge shooting. The latter amusement is merely an affair of walking; varied only from the highway to the fields, pursued amidst lanes and farm-yards; conveyed to the ground in the well-hung tilbury, refreshed by sandwiches and noyeau, directed to the game by a keeper, who assists to pass the enclosures, and, occasionally, with a more dexterous hand than our own, to fill the ample bag. All this is but the work of a few hours, we have changed nothing except our dress; fustian takes the place of our morning coat, and water-proof shoes, that too frequently keep in the water they cannot keep out, displace our ordinary walking boots. We see from our windows, perhaps, the very fields we mean to beat; we are familiar, from their first flight, with the covies we seek to destroy; we do not leave the bustle of society, by withdrawing from it for a short space; we quit the breakfast table, and join the dinner table in the evening. In a word, there is no interruption to the ordinary current of our ideas, nor any thing in the scenery to suggest new trains of thinking, or awaken unfelt associations, by the powerful magic of nature, in her wild and solitary modes of existence. I well recollect my first campaigns on the Highland hills of Scotland; I had fixed my quarters in a small inn by the road side, occasionally frequented by a few travellers, and at this season of the year by one or two sportsmen. Two beds, in the only apartment, were occupied by myself and friend; the walls showed some symptoms of a taste for the Arts, by the display of most valiant-looking portraits, arranged with as little regard to chronology as to history. His late Majesty was stuck beneath the Pope, and Bonaparte pranced most manfully beside King William; stucco parrots, and wax birds'-nests, with gum-flower roses, that seemed sadly out of place amid the surrounding heather, completed the pendant ornaments of the chamber; and bare benches, to accommodate the meetings of the country people on Sundays, when returning from the kirk, eked out the furnishing of the apartment. A square of glass was wanting to the window, which had been supplied by a hat, pushed into the aperture from the inside; and the landlady, from a love of order, as I presume, had put aside into it several small articles, so that the spectacles of the *gudeman*, a Gaelic Bible, a string of muir-fowl eggs, and a night-cap, might be seen arranged in this unassuming bureau. In spite of all this *garniture*, the look of the room was abundantly waste and cheerless. The chimney was filled (I could not say decorated) with a piece of hawthorn, whose withered flowers recorded the time when it was separated from the parent stem, to conceal the unscored grate; and the floor sanded over, made a grating noise, while we bustled about disposing of our luggage, listening to the landlady's apologies, but, in reality, coqueting with her bonnie daughter, who had followed her

into the room, with a lighted piece of peat (turf), and was blowing the fire with both good will and dexterity. Of all cheap comforts, a fire is at once the cheapest and the best; a glow, that seemed like warmth, spread through the chamber; its walls looked less sad, and pictures, parrots, and flowers were all improved by the blazing fire; even the atrabilious countenance of the emperor of the French was brightened by the reflection from his majesty's scarlet coat, and the god of Orange idolatry was less grim and phlegmatic, while the landlord pledged us in a welcome to Glen——h. We were soon fairly established in our quarters; the guns were unlocked from their travelling case; shot-pouches filled, and powder-flasks replenished; dog-whips untied, and dog-calls sounded, till the pointers yelled out a response. All this delightful labour of preparation was not soon accomplished; some tale was attached to every part of the process; anticipations of the result of next day's sport occasionally occupied us; we levelled our gun at the old hat in the window, and felt confident of success; but when we recollected we had never seen a muir-fowl on his own hills, we almost doubted the efficacy of a *Manton*. It was a tedious interval till dinner; we guessed our bill of fare, from the screaming and alarm among the poultry, and the disappearance of a piece of hung-beef from a smoky corner of the kitchen; our journey had given us an interest in these proceedings; but our anxieties would neither pluck the chickens, nor hasten the after-stages of their cooking. The muir, indeed, was at no great distance, and we might walk there with our dogs, to try their steadiness on new game; but we were too highly excited to brook such trifling; we could not endure the mimic sport, when the reality would so soon be within our reach. It was some amusement to mark the various parties who were travelling to further stages on the road, for similar purposes with ourselves; each gig furnished, like the discovery ships, with every conceivable requisite to comfort, in a region which, by English sportsmen, is supposed to be little better than that of *Del Fuego*. Cloaks, coats, and caps were hung all around these vehicles; our pointers held a kind of *lête-à-lête* with the dogs of the strangers, which commenced with congratulation, and generally ended with worrying. The first symptoms of dinner were discovered by the *collie* dog, who now left us to take his station in the kitchen; the hat in the shattered window was removed, and a leaf, torn from the school writing-book of the landlord's son, supplied its place; but whether from an ambition of greater neatness, or the vanity of showing the family accomplishments, we could not decide. But all our enjoyments on this uncomfortable evening were in the future tense; even dinner, that diurnal festival, to which we recur at short intervals, with all the regularity of Moslem devotions, and much more than their fervour, had little that could please on its own account, but as finishing some part of the business of the day, and leaving less in the perspective of bed-time.

We could not as yet drink whiskey toddy, for we tasted it at first as if it had been laudanum, and the *genius loci* would not be propitiated by any other libation. The whole inmates of the family were on watch to announce the appearances of the evening, and the very

dogs, I believe, would have barked an alarm had a cloud darkened the sky, or threatened the sun-shine of the morrow. To so mercurial a state of existence even a bad bed is a good drop-scene; the landlord and his son were to act as our guides to the muir, at a very early hour, and had promised (good easy souls) to awake us, when God knows, they would have done a greater favour, could they have taught us how to sleep. A confused restless slumber, every now and then broken by the fear lest something had been forgotten in our arrangements, was at length succeeded by something like sleep; when we were at once aroused by the crowing of a cock, and a most unusual stir above head; and our eyes, which we had very unadvisedly opened, were instantly filled with dust. An open loft above our bed was the roost of the poultry, and was formed of loose timber, covered with dry turf; the fire had unexpectedly kindled into a transient blaze, and the lord of the dunghill, mistaking its gleams for the first smiles of morning, begun his carol, and, in his coquetting with the beauties of his harem, had produced all this *tourbillon*.

Nor did the mischief rest here; for we now heard a number of voices from the opposite side of the partition, in that provoking kind of whisper which sets the devil, Curiosity, on edge to ascertain its purport; a chink in the boards tempted a look beyond, and we discovered our host, with the partner of his cares, lying in the midst of half-a-dozen children (who we had displaced), with much more the appearance of state than of comfort, and suggesting a tolerable resemblance to the *hen-and-chicken* daisy. All was soon hushed again, and my neighbours might be said to sleep audibly around me. Even chanticleer was in repose, and his favourites, no longer roused by his *minanderies*, had again pillowed their heads within the wing. Not the lightest noise was heard over the whole house; the old crazy clock clicked harshly and disagreeably; I would willingly have shut my ears to its interruption; but in attempting not to listen to the progress of seconds, I only found that I was watching them more anxiously. Besides, why lose more time? I had travelled far to enjoy the day which would soon break, and in the mean time more alert sportsmen might get the start of me, and take my intended *beat* on the muir. Inspired by the valiant purposes which those considerations suggested, I left my bed very quietly, dressed myself *par hazard*, collected my sporting articles, and slipped, with cat-like step, out of the apartment, to rouse the young man who was to be my *gilly*; \* I passed into the kitchen, and wishing to know the hour, approached the fire-place, before which stood a screen, on which my travelling-cloak was hung. I drew it a little apart, and putting my head forward to look at my watch, was alarmed by a scream from the opposite side; "Gude God, sir, is it you?" said my landlord's son, "thae morning sights are no that canny; but if it's just yoursel, it's the less matter." I satisfied him on this point, by explaining my errand, and having removed the eggs from the pan, which he had been watching while they boiled hard, we were both ready in a few minutes, and left the house together. If the truth was told, my en-

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\* Gilly—attendant, or servant.



thusiasm abated before we had proceeded far: the morning had not dawned, and the stars were provokingly clear and beautiful, and gave rather too much of the air of midnight adventure to my purpose.

The grey, doubtful light which precedes sun-rise, had just begun to appear when we reached the muir; the dogs gamboled round as if they understood my business, and occasionally darted across the ground when led off by the fresh scent of grouse, but almost immediately returned, as if they feared a hoax, and were *questing* owls in place of higher game. Daylight was now advancing fast: on every side was heard the crowing of the muir-fowl, which was answered by the different families of the feathered tribe, like sentinels passing the *reveil* from watch to watch, over the muir. Now and then a flutter of wings caught our ear; and we could see, between the heavy mist, which hung, canopy-like, all around, and the dark heath with which it almost mingled, a pack of grouse taking a low flight, and settling at no great distance, and then, with head erect and some appearance of alarm, running about under the direction of their parent leader. The effect of the mist in magnifying the few objects presented to it was very singular, and gave a romantic colouring to my feelings in that lonely spot. A few sheep feeding near me had the bulk of oxen; but their difference of shape, though it puzzled me how to reconcile it with their size, did not unravel the mystery; and Archy Fraser had some difficulty to persuade me that I laboured under a deception, which, as he was insensible to it, appeared to him the more remarkable. Occasionally we could hear voices, though we could not distinguish the speakers in the dense fog, and the sounds felt harsh and unmellowed on the ear; they were evidently sportsmen, from their hurried, impatient progress. Again the grouse were alarmed; and I shall never forget the effect upon me, when five fine birds settled close beside where I sat, and for the first time I saw them strutting among the heather, could mark their eye turning within its scarlet fringe, and observe their motions.

The mists now rolled slowly and heavily from the sides of the hills, and spread over the low grounds like a vast lake; the level sun could not penetrate them, but gave a rich yellow glow to the whole medium. In the partial glimpses which were afforded by the dispersion of the vapours, I could see sportsmen in different directions, and this was sufficient to disturb and break the apathy which the gloom of my situation had at first produced, and to kindle anew my zeal by emulation and competition. At this moment the dogs were *drawing* with the impetuosity inseparable from new game: "Take care, Ranger—Why so fast, Juno?—Hold, there;" at once they set off, their noses nearly breast high, and an old cock was sprung at some distance. "Thrash them weel," was the remedy which Archy Fraser suggested for their fault; and at that time I thought they deserved it, although better experience has shown me that solitary birds are generally a severe trial to the temper of the best bred pointer; and if they are improved by the whip, the steadiness of the master's nerves is generally hurt in a tenfold degree. "Steady, steady, Juno!"—she had now settled to fresh game, and looking round to me with eyes flaming, and tail erected, sunk down among the heather. Ranger was in an



other direction, but missing his partner, was coming down at speed: he instantly backed, his body forming a curve, obeying the direction of his course, and of the quarter from whence he received the scent. I panted with breathless expectation, and wished to give the dogs leisure to enjoy their point; but I was teased with the importunities of my *gilly*, who, not understanding either the niceties or flutter of spirits in the presence of a muir fowl, was urging me to go on and take my shot. I did so, and missed my bird, which, under such circumstances, was less wonderful than if I had bagged him. Archy had lost confidence in me by this specimen of my address, but I had gained some in myself; I could depend on my dogs, and I knew what he did not, that I could depend on myself when the first impressions, inseparable from young sportsmen, had been dissipated. There was no want of game: we returned to the grey stone from whence we had first started in the morning, and giving the dogs the wind, passed through the low grounds, which were full of hags, in some places separated by water, or wet, miry turf. In passing over to one of these detached masses, a pack of grouse rose before me: I had not expected them; but, on the other hand, neither was I flurried with the suspense and *awful pause* which, more or less, besets a sportsman to the last, in the interval between the point and the shot;—I killed the old cock with my favourite left-hand barrel, and a bird which rose nearer to me shared the same fate with the second discharge. The dogs had instantly dropped, and the game was fluttering on the spot where it had fallen, when I called Archy in a tone which sufficiently marked how I felt after this exploit, and asked him for a charge of shot. I would not condescend to make any remarks on it myself; that would have looked too much as if such feats had been new to me: no, it must come from him only.—“Had I not better pick up the bird, Sir?”—“Not till I have done, and then you will find two grouse, or I mistake;” which, I believe, was pronounced with an air of great dignity; for Archy, who seemed to freeze under the chillness of my aspect, attempted to cajole me, by saying, while he lifted them, “Lord, Sir, if ye gang on that gait till gloaming, what will the bag say till’t?” While I am writing this I have almost a repetition of the wild joy and pleasure I had when these beautiful birds, my first trophies, were brought to me; not a feather ruffled; their eyes nearly closed, and the big, thick drops of blood bursting convulsively from the mouth. I smoothed the plumage, and laid them, with something like tenderness and pride, into my bag, and encouraging the dogs to go out, was again on the alert. Before eight o’clock I had counted seven brace; a wide track of excellent heath lay before me, and my hopes were not unreasonably high of my day’s sport: now and then an anxious thought would come across me, of jealousy of my companion’s success, but on the whole I was delighted and satisfied. I learned there was a shepherd’s cot at no great distance, and feeling it was breakfast time, proceeded in that direction to get some milk. It was a wretched hovel, no bad resemblance to an Indian wig-wam, seated at the foot of a high hill, with a stream running close beside. A little kail-yard, with a patch of corn, completed the whole appearance of this simple man’s provision for the winter: a heap of peats piled to the end of his house, and a hovel for his cow at the other,

showed the value he attached to both of these necessities, by having them so close at hand.

Altogether, there was something imposing in the still sequestered look of this place; the short velvet turf near it looked greener by its contrast with the adjoining heather, and the rill was crystalline when compared with the brown sluggish streams I had seen passing through the mosses. But how did they fare in sickness or in trouble, separated by many miles from any human habitation, a pathless muir intervening to render access difficult in summer, and in winter almost impassable? I had no time to resolve this question, for my hand was on the latchet of the door, and I was about to draw it, when arrested by hearing a voice, as if in prayer. I instantly drew back, very much to the astonishment of Archy, who had given more than one indication of a wish to lighten the stock of provisions; but in spite of his impatience, I would not disturb the devotions of this humble worshipper.

I caught a portion of the feeling which the act, as well as the place, was calculated to inspire, and sitting down, waited till the door was opened. We were beckoned, rather than invited to enter; for, as Ben Jonson said of Shakspeare's learning, he had but *small English*; a huge chest was at once our table and our seat; and our wallet, when spread, and displaying its contents, gave the look of a feast in this lowly cabin. Archy produced his eggs, and cast a significant glance to me, in allusion to the adventure of the morning; but they were put aside for an after refreshment; but the roasted fowl and smoked tongue did not pass so easily. Boiled milk was the only beverage; and a little whiskey, which was under the special charge of my gilly, served to complete the repast, and to pledge our host. I could not prevail on him to accept of money, till I made him understand, it was as a present not as payment it was offered; a slender distinction, one would suppose, but evincing a pride of feeling which was, perhaps, a solace under many heavy privations. The day was now delightful: a soft, warm breeze made the dogs true to their point, and vigorous in their travel; the birds were broken into smaller packs, and sat close on the bask, as the sun heightened. I was passing a soft, green quagmire, covered with short moss and larger tufts of the same kind of stuff, raised above the surrounding surface, when one of the dogs made a point where I could not have expected game. His look was unusual; his head was turned to one side, and was evidently bent downwards at the object which arrested him immediately beneath: he was in the act of watching the animal, and eager to spring: he did not couch to it, as was usual with him; and though Juno backed, it was apparently not in compliance with her own nose, but in deference to her companion. I supposed it might be dead game, and gave the word to "fetch;" but Ranger was still fixed; when, on approaching nearer, I saw a large adder coiled within its circles, its head in the centre, with a singular kind of motion, as if watching attack, and ready to punish it. I blew the reptile to pieces: there was a horrible tenacity of life about it; every atom seemed to retain a portion, which gave an uncomfortable idea of its power of doing mischief.

There is a part of the day, between one and three o'clock, when it

is well known to be almost impossible to find game: it seems the natural hour of the *siesta* on the muir. We sat down on a sweet spot, green and beautiful, such as sometimes are to be met, like oases in the desert, where we fancy we could live our lives out; although I have thought, on after reflection, that the fascination of these little islands, as they seem, owes a good deal to the wearied limbs they serve to repose.

Here we rested in delightful, careless indolence: every thing was still around; the few sportsmen, over the wide extent of muir were enjoying, like ourselves, the recreation of that interval. At times, the howl of a dog under the whip broke the prevailing silence of the hour; then, perhaps, a shot would follow, and again low murmurs and complaints from the bungling cur, who most probably had plunged among the birds without giving warning, and was beat to save his master's character, as well as to atone for his own offence. Then would come some idle speculation about the success of our friends—some affectation of blame on our own doings, and a strenuous vindication of our dexterity from the flattering and obsequious *gilly*, who soon learns the weak side of the sportsman, and plants himself there as in a strong-hold. In this way the hour of resting was easily passed away. There was a piece of ground still before me which I had reserved for my return in the afternoon; it was much broken into hags, but was noted for the sport it generally afforded. Juno very soon began to draw on game, and at length stood fast: now she went on; now halted; then moved cautiously forward; at once she rushed in a different direction, and taking the wind with her, came down again, as if she had got new instructions how to act in this dilemma, and disappearing among the hags, remained concealed by the inequalities of the ground. It was evident that this was an old cock who thus tried Juno's patience. I moved forward without knowing exactly where she was set; and at this moment the bird rose, and made a low, struggling-kind of flight along the surface of the heather. Poor Juno could not resist the temptation of springing to seize him as he passed the spot where she lay quietly couched, and at this unlucky crisis a few pellets of my shot were lodged in the back of the faithful spaniel. Juno howled, and looked reproachfully at her reckless master; even the dead bird that had wrought this trouble, had lost its power to soothe. I coaxed, caressed, nay threatened, by turns, but she would not quit the spot. She was but slightly grazed, but it was evident my sport was over for this day. I do not choose to use harsh words of my favourite, but, to say the least of it, she was both sulky and wayward, and would not even follow me, but watched till I disappeared, then would run forward till she caught a view, and again lie down. Archy, more than once, suggested the application of his nostrum for all canine perversities, and was loosing the whip from his shoulders with a look and action very significant of his meaning, but I did not choose to understand him; so that he was at length forced, most unwillingly, to adopt a much more disagreeable expedient, and carry her on his own shoulders till we reached our quarters.

I had bagged fifteen brace before this accident: it would have been difficult to speculate upon what might have been the full amount of the returns of killed, had it not been for the casualty to which I have alluded.



## THE FRENCH CONVULSIVES.\*

THIS is a very cleverly executed work, and, though bearing the name of one of the stronger, is now known to be the production of one of the gentler sex. Certain it is, that it is a performance which the author of "Matilda, or Yes and No," might not be ashamed to acknowledge. The ground-work of this novel is substantially old and hackneyed. It has formed the subject of several thousand romances and novels of fashionable life. The embarrassing situations arising out of the conflict of the affections and feelings of our nature with the laws of society that would regulate and control them, have been pathetically set forth with every colouring of sentiment, from Helen of Troy down to the Corinne of Madame de Staël.

We are still travelling over the same ground, though the characters of our companions may vary, and the incidents of the way be different and differently related. In the work before us, the materials may at first sight be taken to be of the commonest description: A West Indian planter, with his wife and friend, are almost the only characters that figure in it! but they are so naturally and skilfully developed, so successfully laboured and wrought into the incidents and circumstances of the tale, that they seize upon the attention and awaken a strong feeling of interest. If we are disposed to receive cleverness of execution as a compensation for the want of a moral tendency; or if we are to suppose, as in the case of the heroes of the Greek drama, that her personages are urged on by inevitable destiny, and not by the force of wit, passions, and a depraved will, we may appreciate the character of our author's heroine and sympathize in her afflictions. Certain it is, that there is no want of sympathy between the author and her heroine, and, consequently, she has written what all who are capable of entering into the same feelings must recognize as truth.

Indiana was the daughter of an opulent West Indian, who made a considerable figure in the Parisian circles, during the temporary ascendancy of Josephine. On the fate of Napoleon he retired to his estate in the Isle of Bourbon, where Indiana, a little time previous to his death, became the wife of Colonel Delmare, a soldier of fortune, bred up in the camp of Napoleon, and passionately attached to that general and his system. Nothing could be more ill assorted than this union. To say nothing of the age of the colonel, which more than trebled that of his young bride, there was nothing congenial in their tastes or dispositions. Indiana, brought up by a father of a whimsical and violent temper, had never known the happiness which is to be found in the affection of others. She had long endured the morose temper of her father, who, soured by political passions and baffled schemes of ambition, had become the severest task-master and the most troublesome neighbour of his settlement. But while contemplating the continual picture of the miseries of slavery in bearing up against the ennui of solitude and dependence, she had acquired a degree of patience

\* Indiana, a Novel. By Sandes. Paris, 1832.



capable of triumphing over every trial—a gentleness and sweetness of disposition that gained her the adoration of her inferiors, and at the same time an incalculable power of resistance against every thing tending to oppress her. By marrying Delmare she only changed masters, by being transferred from the Isle of Bourbon to her husband's estate in Brie, she only changed her prison and her solitude. Reared in the desert—neglected by her father—surrounded by slaves for whom she had no other succour or consolation but her compassion or her tears, she had been accustomed to say to herself, “A day will come when every thing in my existence shall undergo an alteration—a day, when I shall be loved—when I shall give my whole heart to him who will give me his. In the mean time let me bear it; let me be silent, and keep my love for the man who shall come to deliver me.” But this Messiah came not. Colonel Delmare was a man of iron—captious, jealous, vindictive, morose. The brilliant day had passed when, as Lieutenant Delmare, he breathed triumph in the air of camps forgotten by his ungrateful country, the retired officer saw himself condemned to endure all the consequences of marriage; that is to say, to be the husband of a young and lovely woman, the owner of a comfortable estate and of a flourishing manufactory. The consequence was, that the Colonel was peevish and irritable, an excellent master before whom every body trembled—wife, servants, horses, and dogs. Such was the husband of the gentle and delicate Indiana; and the stranger who beheld her frail and sylph-like figure—so young, so beautiful, and so melancholy in the midst of her old-fashioned house, and by the side of her old husband, would have pitied the wife of Colonel Delmare, and perhaps Colonel Delmare more than his wife.

The next personage is the fox-hunting baronet, Sir Ralph Brown, or as he is sometimes called, Sir Brown; and this character is the most laboured and original of the set. He is cousin to Indiana, and had been brought up with her in the Isle of Bourbon. Nature, in giving Sir Ralph a heart exquisitely susceptible and warm, had denied him the power of expressing his sensations, either by looks or words. He was slow, heavy, phlegmatic, and cold; and as the interior man was judged of by the exterior, Sir Ralph was despised and overlooked both by his parents and by the world. Thus thrown upon himself, he became an egotist—a lonely, musing, melancholy being. Indiana, equally forlorn as himself, became his only resource; and during ten years she was every thing to him—his occupations, his joy, his riches; a young flower, whose blooming he watched with impatience, in the hope of her one day becoming his bride. But his eldest brother, who monopolized the affection of his parents, happening to die, Sir Ralph was, much to his own surprise, taken to supply his place, and, in spite of his passion for Indiana, was married to the betrothed of his deceased brother. This lady died in England, and on Sir Ralph's return to the Isle of Bourbon, he found Indiana married to Delmare: and as he could not live without her, he became domesticated with them, with the husband's plenary consent. So complete was the restraint which he exercised over himself, that neither Delmare nor Indiana herself were ever aware of the real nature of his passion, and

he appeared to both to be nothing more than what he assumed to be, as a disguise—a confirmed egotist, who had outlived all passion, and whose philosophy was, in one word, ease. This is the man of probity. As a contrast to him we have the man of society, the man of the world, with all its selfishness, hypocrisy, and tinsel virtues, in the person of the young and noble Raymon de Ramure, whose estate adjoined that of the Delmares.

Patronized by the court for his powerful advocacy of the cause of the restoration, gifted with mental and personal endowments of the highest order, he had acquired unbounded influence over mens' minds, and complete success in society. This species of Mirabeau had become enamoured of the creole maid of Madame Delmare, who almost equalled her mistress in beauty. He was struck with admiration of her large black eyes at a rustic festival, and had the glory of triumphing over a host of rivals. He paid his addresses to her at first from mere idleness, and success had awakened his passion; while the creole, on her part, loved with all the wild fervour and headlong devotedness of passion that characterizes the children of the tropics. The circumstances of romance attending their stolen interviews lent a charm to the affair which was pleasing for awhile. But Raymon was not long in being awakened to the difficulty and embarrassment of the consequences attending it. He had been surprised into a holiday amour; what was to be done? To marry her was to entail misery on both parties; so he took the resolution of forgetting her; he left his country-seat, and once more mingled in the gay world, the scene of his triumphs and success. Accident here brought him in contact with Indiana at a public ball, and he no sooner saw her than he conceived a strong attachment for her. With a man of his consummate skill and experience in the art of winning hearts, all resistance was vain. Indiana felt the effect of his impassioned declarations; she thought not of the duties which had been imposed upon her, nor on the prudence which had been recommended to her, nor to the futurity which had been predicted to her; she only recalled the odious past, her long sufferings, her despotic masters. Neither did she think that this man might be a deceiver or a trifler. She saw him as she desired him, as she had dreamed of him; and Raymon might have deceived her, if he had not been sincere. Raymon had loved Noun with the senses; he loved Madame Delmare with his whole soul. So far he had not deceived either of them; the point was, to effect the removal of Noun before a secret, which must bring despair to her heart as well as that of her mistress, should be mutually communicated. To make her an offer of half his fortune was nothing to the difficulty in being obliged to confess to her that he did not love her. With this view of adjusting matters, he appoints an interview with her in the park of Lagny, during her mistress' absence. Noun lead him into the house, and into the cabinet of Indiana. She used all her arts, and tried all the force of her charms, to win back his estranged affections. But when he made her his proposals with regard to her future disposal, she burst into a transport of rage, and sought to destroy herself. She rejected them with scorn, and said she would throw herself at the feet of Madame Delmare, and confess

all. Madame Delmare suddenly returns from Paris, and entered the house at this identical moment, before Raymon could make his escape from her apartment. He has only time to withdraw behind the curtain, in the hopes that Noun may find him an opportunity of escaping. As this scene is one of the best and most dramatic of the work, we shall give it at full length, as a specimen of our author's style and manner :—

"Indiana entered in haste, threw her bonnet upon the bed, and embraced Noun with the familiarity of a sister. There was so little light in the apartment that she did not remark the agitation of her companion.

" 'Then you expected me?' said she, as she approached the fire; 'how did you know I was coming?' And, without waiting for an answer, 'Mr. Delmare,' said she, 'will be here to-morrow—I set out the moment I received his letter—I have my reasons for receiving him here rather than at Paris. But do speak to me—you don't seem as pleased to see me as you are wont to be.'

" 'I am sad,' said Noun, kneeling beside her mistress to remove her shoes.—'I, too, have something to communicate to you, but not at present—perhaps you will step into the saloon.'

" 'What an idea!—why, 'tis bitter cold there.'

" 'No: there is a good fire.'

" 'You are dreaming—I have just crossed it.'

" 'But your supper is served there.'

" 'I don't want supper:—besides, there is nothing ready. Go fetch my bon, which I left in the carriage.'

" 'Presently.'

" 'Why not immediately?—Nay, go now—go now.' And as she spoke she pushed Noun with a playful air; and the latter, seeing that firmness and presence of mind were requisite, left the room for a few moments. She had not gone a moment when Madame Delmare latched the door, and unclasping her pelerine, laid it on the bed beside her hat. At this moment she approached Raymon so closely that he made a motion to draw back: but the bed being set upon very light castors, yielded with a slight noise. Madame Delmare, astonished, but not alarmed—for she might have fancied that the bed had been pushed by herself—nevertheless advanced her head, drew aside the curtain a little, and discovered, by the uncertain light cast by the fire, the outline of a man's head upon the wall. Startled, she screamed aloud, and sprung towards the bell to give the alarm. Raymon would prefer to be again taken for a robber (he had been fired at by Mr. Delmare, on a former occasion, as a robber) than to be discovered in this situation. But if he did not adopt this latter part, Madame Delmare would summon her attendants and compromise herself. He had hopes in the love with which he had inspired her, and, springing towards her, he attempted to silence her exclamations and to withdraw her from the bell, by saying to her, in an under tone, for fear of being heard by Noun, who, doubtless, was not far off,—

" 'It is I, Indiana; recognize me, and forgive me. Indiana, forgive a wretch whose reason you have bewildered, and who could not prevail upon himself to restore you to your husband until he had seen you once more.' While pressing her in his arms, as well to soothe her as to prevent her from ringing, he perceived that she was almost undressed. Noun knocked at the door in a fit of agony. Madame Delmare, then disengaging herself from the grasp of Raymon, ran to open the door, and again sunk into an arm-chair. Pale, and almost expiring, Noun placed herself against the door of the corridor to prevent the domestics, who passed to and fro, from stumbling upon this strange scene. More deadly pale even than her mistress, her knees trembling, her back applied to the door, she awaited her fate in agony. Raymon



felt that it only required address to deceive both these women at the same time.—‘Madame,’ said he, falling on his knees before Indiana, ‘my presence here must appear to you an outrage; behold me at your feet to implore your pardon. Grant me a moment’s hearing alone, and I will explain’—— ‘Hold, Sir, and begone from here!’ cried Madame Delmare, resuming all the dignity of her part. ‘Leave this openly. Noun, open that door, and let this gentleman go forth, that all my servants may see him, and that the shame of such a proceeding may fall upon him alone.’ Noun believing herself detected, threw herself on her knees beside Raymon. Madame Delmare gazed at her with surprise, without uttering a word. Raymon tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it with indignation. Flushed with anger, she rose, and pointing to the door,—

“ ‘Begone! I tell you,’ cried she, ‘begone! for your conduct is infamous. These are the means which you have chosen to employ. You, Sir, concealed in my chamber, like a robber! So, then, it is customary with you to introduce yourself thus into families! This is the attachment you swore to me yesterday evening! It is thus you would protect me, respect me, defend me; this is the homage you render me! You see a woman who has assisted you with her own hands, who for this has braved the anger of her husband; you abuse her by a feigned gratitude; you swear to her a love worthy of her; and in recompence for her cares, for her credulity, you would surprise her sleep, and insure your success by an indescribable baseness. You bribe her maid; you almost steal to her bed; you do not fear to make her servants privy to an intimacy which does not exist. Go, Sir! you have taken care to disabuse me very soon. Go! I tell you: stay not a moment under my roof.— And you, abject girl, who have so little respect for the honour of your mistress, leave my sight!’ Noun, half dead with surprise and despair, had her eyes fixed upon Raymon, as if to ask an explanation of this unexpected mystery; then, with a haggard air and choked utterance, she staggered towards Indiana, and, grasping her arm with energy,—

“ ‘What have you said?’ cried she; ‘her teeth set with anger—‘did this man declare himself your lover?’

“ ‘Oh, doubtless you know he did,’ said Madame Delmare, repelling her with disdain; ‘you know full well what must be the motives of a man who conceals himself behind the curtains of a woman’s bed. Ah, Noun!’ said she, as she witnessed the despair of the girl, ‘it was an unheard-of perfidy, and one of which I did not think you capable. You would have sold the honour of her who had taken such care of thee!’ Madame Delmare wept, but as well from passion as from grief. Never had she appeared so beautiful to Raymon; but he scarce dared to look upon her, for she was almost naked; and her outraged pride compelled him to cast down his eyes. He stood rivetted to the spot with consternation at the presence of Noun—for, alone with Madame Delmare, he felt he possessed the power of soothing her. But the expression of Noun was terrible: rage and hatred had discomposed her features.”

But the arrival of Sir Ralph Brown compels our hero to make a precipitate retreat by the private door of the garden, to which he is conducted by the wretched Noun. She spoke not, but abruptly disappeared; and, the next morning, as Madame Delmare walked forth by the bank of the stream that fed the mill of her husband’s factory, she was horror-struck at beholding the body of her beloved Noun floating on the surface. She had drowned herself in one of those moments of a violent crisis when extreme resolutions are so easy of accomplishment. Her death was attributed to accident by every one



but Raymon and the gardener of Lagny, who was privy to her intimacy with Raymon. Although Sir Ralph Brown had sufficient penetration to assign it to its right cause, he considered him sufficiently punished by remorse, and remained silent on the subject. Madame Delmare was thus kept in ignorance of the facts, and continued so to the end. As for Raymon, he at first meditated suicide, but resolved to live for the sake of his aged and helpless mother, to consecrate his existence to her happiness, as the best reparation for his crime. He returned to Paris, plunged again into the world, and soon felt its vital and exciting influences. He felt, in his young heart, in his active brain, in his whole vivacious and robust being, life overflow at every pore. Destiny made him happy in his own despite; and he asked pardon of an angry ghost, which sometimes would wait in his dreams, for having sought in the attachment of the living a support against the terrors of the tomb. His thoughts reverted to Indiana, to the treasure he had lost; he still retained hopes, and he set about repairing that loss. He made himself useful to Colonel Delmare, and by degrees gained the confidence of the Colonel, who, provided a man was what is called honest, never inquired further into his character.

Though Madame Delmare refused again to meet Raymon, his arts and assiduity triumphed over her determination, and, in a short time, he was fully established in the intimacy of the Colonel and Sir Ralph Brown, and the love of Indiana. The latter abandoned herself to her passion with an intensity that startled Raymon. He was hurried along by the charms of a woman so frail and so impassioned, so delicate in body and so resolute in heart. Six months passed away in this mutual intercourse of soul, when, at length, the Colonel was obliged to absent himself on business that threatened the ruin of his fortune. Indiana was confided to the care of Sir Ralph. Raymon seized the opportunity of pressing for a proof of her love. It was granted as readily as it was asked. He entered the park at midnight, by the same door through which he had so often passed to visit Noun—crossed the bridge that spanned the stream where she had perished—eluded the vigilance of Sir Ralph, who was posted there to intercept him, as he had a suspicion of his intention—and, with a light heart, mounted the stairs leading to his mistress's chamber. But he was little prepared for the scene that there awaited him.

Seeing that she was fast approaching the crisis of her fate, Sir Ralph had attempted to reveal to her the real causes of the death of Noun. Her impatience prevented her from giving ear to it, but she heard sufficient to awaken her reflections. To satisfy the doubts of her mind she resorted to an experiment such as the weak and unhappy alone are capable of conceiving. She resolved to practise on the conscience of her lover, and collected around her all the memorials of the departed Noun. On entering the chamber, Raymon started at finding it furnished with objects of remorse. Indiana had imitated the dress of Noun so closely, and resembled her so much, that for an instant he thought his superstitious ideas were realized. He recovered himself, however, to undergo a fresh shock. Indiana put into his

hands a mass of long, black hair. At first he took it to be her own; but death was in its dimness and heaviness. He saw it all:—his irritable nerves yielded to the shock—he shuddered and fell senseless.

“‘You have done me a dreadful wrong,’ cried he, ‘a wrong which it is not in your power to repair; you can never restore me the confidence I placed in your heart. You have just showed me how much revenge and cruelty it contains. Poor Noun! poor unfortunate girl! it is her I have wronged, and not you; it is she who had the right of revenging herself, and who did not do it. She destroyed herself to leave me a futurity. She sacrificed her life to my repose. You had not done as much.’”

After proceeding at great length in this strain, which we are forced to give in order to exhibit the fluxes and refluxes of sentiment, the vicissitudes and rapid transitions of feeling, and the play of the affections, on which the whole interest of the work depends, and which are delineated with singular force and accuracy, he is interrupted by the sudden arrival of Colonel Delmare. He retreats by the garden door, and finds Sir Ralph posted there to receive him. Perhaps you will anticipate a duel as the natural consequence of this rencontre; and such was the idea of Raymon; but the calm and inflexibly stoical demeanour of Sir Ralph betrayed not the slightest impatience, and he contents himself with asking for the key of the gate, as a precaution in favour of Madame Delmare. Such was the all-absorbing passion of Sir Ralph for Indiana, so entirely did it fill his whole soul, and so completely had he learnt to compress his feelings and emotions by the long discipline of years, that he only thought of her happiness. To have killed Raymon were to make her unhappy; and to such a pitch of madness was he transported by this sentiment, that when he beheld the sufferings of Indiana he felt almost tempted to betray his friend Delmare, and assist the success of his enemy. The return of the Colonel brought with it the news of the utter ruin of his affairs by the failure of a banker in Brussels. He was compelled to sell his estate and to repair to a remnant of property in the Isle of Bourbon, again to set about rebuilding his fortune. He confided his projects to Raymon, and deputed him to break the matter to Indiana. She had taken the resolution of hazarding every thing rather than leave Raymon. This declaration by no means accorded with the disposition of Raymon: he saw, with satisfaction, that events were taking a course which would preserve him from the troublesome and inevitable consequences of a worn-out intrigue. He only thought of profiting by the last moments of passion of Madame Delmare, and then of leaving to his benevolent destiny the care of ridding him of her tears and her reproaches. Besides, he had grown so virtuous by the confidence reposed in him by Colonel Delmare, that he would not deprive him of his wife—he would only seduce her. Meantime the period of departure approached. The temper of the Colonel grew every day more insupportable. Indiana openly declared her determination not to accompany him, and in this she was encouraged by her aunt. The violence of her husband was carried so far as to confine her to her chamber: she escaped, and fled to Raymon; but his passion had reached the last degree of disgust, it had descended to *ennui*. He received her with every studied demonstration of

passion, but, in the end, called a coach to reconduct her to her husband. Indiana was stupified—she quitted the house, and—

“At the first few paces in the street, she felt her trembling limbs ready to refuse their service—she fancied every moment she felt the rude grasp of her furious husband seizing her and dragging her into the stream. But very soon the bustle around her, the carelessness of the figures that passed her, and the penetrating cold of the morning, restored her strength and tranquillity; but 'twas a painful strength, and an awful tranquillity, similar to that which spreads itself upon the waters of the sea, alarming the sagacious seaman more than the commotions of the tempest. She descended the quay, from the Institute to the Corps Legislatif, but she forgot to cross the bridge, and continued to follow the course of the river, absorbed in a stupid reverie—a meditation without ideas, and continued to walk forwards without any fixed object. Insensibly she found herself by the margin of the river, with the icicles at her feet, and broke them with a dry, cold noise, upon the stonework that bounded its waters. The greenish and sounding waters exercised an attractive power upon the senses of Indiana. We become accustomed to terrible ideas; by entertaining them we are led to take a pleasure in them. The example of the suicide of Noun had long soothed her moments of despair—she had long made suicide a sort of fascinating temptation. One thought alone—one religious thought, had prevented her from fixing definitively upon it; but at this moment her exhausted brain was under the dominion of no complete thought. Scarce did she recollect there was a God—that there was such a person as Raymon, and she continued to walk, still approaching the river, obeying the instinct of misfortune, and the magnetism of suffering. When she felt the piercing cold of the water, which already bathed her feet, she awoke, as from a fit of somnambulism; and, looking around to discover where she was, she beheld Paris behind her, and the Seine flying beside her feet, bearing upon its oily mass the white reflection of the houses, and the greyish blue of the sky. This continuous motion of the river, and the immobility of the bank, became confounded in her confused perceptions, and it appeared to her that the waters were still, and that the land was careering along. She leant against a wall, and bent forward, fascinated towards what she took to be a solid mass.”

This is as it should be; a French novel, descriptive of the wild play of overmastering passion, would be as incomplete without a picture of suicide—real or projected—as an English novel would be without a duel. The interposition of Sir Ralph, who had been indefatigable in his search after her, rescues her from her perilous situation. By him she is reconducted to her house; an explanation of the causes of her absence partially satisfies her husband, and they set sail for the Isle of Bourbon. Notwithstanding their repugnance to such a step, Sir Ralph insists on accompanying them. He disposes of his property, and settles with them in their villa, in the mountains above St. Paul. Though he watched over Indiana with the most tender and unremitting vigilance, in the excess of his delicate reserve he continued to wear the appearance of coldness and egotism. Meantime the heart of Indiana was a prey to all the violence of disappointed love. Raymon had sought her forgiveness before her departure, and her passion had returned with fresh violence. After spending the sultry hours in her hamac—

“When, as evening advanced, the sea breeze began to bring with it the perfume of the rice flowers, she plunged into the savannah, leaving Delmare and Sir Ralph to inhale the aromatic infusion of the *tuham*, and slowly to



distil the smoke of their cigantos. Then would she climb some accessible height, the extinguished crater of some old volcano, to gaze upon the setting sun, which fired the red vapour of the atmosphere, and spread, as it were, a dust—half-gold, half-ruby, upon the murmuring edges of the sugar-canes. She fancied that, beyond those waves and those distant vapours, the magical apparition of another land would be unrolled to her eyes. And, in truth, the clouds of the coast presented to her view fantastic shapes. Sometimes she beheld a white sheet rise above the waves, and describe a fantastic line, which she took for the façade of the Louvre. At times it was two square sails, which, suddenly emerging from the haze, reminded her of the towers of Notre Dame, when the Seine exhales a thick fog, which embraces their base, and give them the appearance of being suspended in the heavens; at other times it was large flakes of rosy clouds, whose changing forms presented all the caprices of architecture—of an immense city. The mind of that woman was wrapped in the recollection of the past, and she felt her heart palpitate with joy at the sight of this imaginary Paris, whose realities had signalized the most miserable periods of her existence. Poor creature! she lived for weeks and months beneath a tropical sky—knowing, loving, caressing nothing but a shadow.”

In these wanderings she was ever guarded by the vigilant tenderness of Sir Ralph, though all familiarity between them had almost ceased.

“ He never absented himself from the house but during the hours when the heat confined her to her home; but when she went forth in the evening he dexterously withdrew from Delmare, and repaired to wait for her, at the foot of the rocks, upon which she was in the habit of seating herself. He remained there whole hours, gazing at her at times through the branches, blanched by the moon, but respecting the short space that separated her from him, and never daring to shorten, by an instant, her melancholy reverie. When she descended into the valley, she always found him on the bank of the little rivulet, whose course was parallel with the path leading to the house; he gave her his arm, and conducted her to the house without uttering a word, unless, being more melancholy than usual, she began the conversation.”

Meantime Raymon, disappointed in his ambitious views by the revolution of July, had retired to the country. He was seized with a severe illness, which brought back his feelings to their former course. His heart softened at the recollection of Indiana, and he repented of his rejection of her sacrifice. Under the influence of these ideas he wrote to her to say he was unhappy, and gently insinuating the remedy for his afflictions. This letter, added to the effect of a violent outbreak of her husband's temper, determined Indiana to quit the Isle of Bourbon, and fly to Raymon. Difficulties and sufferings of the most appalling nature were surmounted by her energy and address. She arrives in France, and finds her lover married to the heiress of the rich manufacturer who had purchased her husband's property. The scene in which this *eclaircissement* takes place is so spirited, that we are tempted to extract it.

She had intended to surprise him, and had given him no intimation of her presence:—

“ At the foot of the stairs she again paused to take breath—she felt herself less able to bear joy than grief. She stooped and looked through the key-hole; Raymon was alone—he was reading. It was, indeed, himself; it was



Raymon, full of strength and life; vexations had not made him look older, political tempests had not deprived him of a single hair; he was there, calm and beautiful, his brow resting on his white hand, which was lost in his black hair. Indiana pushed the door with a brisk motion—it opened without resistance.

“‘You have been waiting for me,’ cried she, falling on her knees, and leaning her drooping head upon his bosom. ‘You counted the months, the days—you knew that the time was passed—but you knew, too, that I could not fail to answer your call; it is you that have summoned me—I am come, I am come, I am dying.’ Her ideas became confused in her brain, she remained for a time silent, sobbing, incapable of speaking, thinking,—absorbed, overwhelmed by their sensation. And then she again opened her eyes, recognized Raymon, as if awaking from a dream, uttered a cry of joy and frenzy, and clung to him with the wildness of delight. He was pale, mute, motionless, thunder-stricken.

“‘Recognize me,’ cried she; ‘it is I—it is your Indiana—it is your slave, whom you have recalled from exile, and who has come from a distance of three thousand leagues to love and serve you—it is the companion of your choice, who has quitted every thing, risked every thing, braved every thing, to bring you this hour of joy. Are you happy? are you satisfied with her?—Speak, I await my recompence—a word—a kiss; I shall be repaid an hundredfold.’ But Raymon replied not—his admirable presence of mind had abandoned him; he was overwhelmed with surprise, remorse, and terror, on beholding that woman at his feet—he covered his face with his hands, and wished for death.

“‘My God—my God! you speak not to me, you do not embrace me!’ cried Madam Delmare, grasping his knees—‘you are unable, then—happiness is overcoming—it destroys—I know it does. Ah, you suffer—you are choking—I have surprised you too unexpectedly.’

“‘I would weep,’ said Raymon, in a smothered voice.—‘And I, too,’ said she, while she covered his hands with kisses. ‘Ah, yes—’twill do you good—weep, weep upon my bosom, I will dry your tears with my kisses; for, mind, Raymon, I have come to make you happy—to be all that you can wish. Hitherto I have been very cruel, very silly, very selfish; I have caused you much suffering, and I would not understand that I tasked you beyond your strength. But, see, I have reflected on it since, and as you do not fear to brave public opinion for me, I have no longer a right to refuse you any sacrifice. Dispose of me, of my blood, of my life—I am thine, body and soul. I have traversed a space of three thousand leagues to be thine—to tell you this; take me—I am your property—you are my master.’ Some infernal idea crossed the mind of Raymon, he withdrew his countenance from his contracted hands, and gazed upon Indiana with a diabolical coolness: a fearful smile then strayed upon his lips, and sparkled in his eyes; for Indiana was still beautiful.

“‘At present I must conceal you,’ said he, rising.

“‘Why conceal me here?’ said she, ‘are you not at liberty to receive me—to protect me—me, who have nothing but you left upon earth, and who, without you, would be reduced to beg upon the highway? Away! even the world cannot find fault with you for loving me. It is I, who have taken the responsibility on myself—it is I,—but where are you going?’ she exclaimed, as she beheld him proceed towards the door.

“It was his intention to shut and secure the door, but he was too late, it opened before he could lay his hand upon it; and Laura de Nangy entered—seemed less astonished than shocked—uttered no exclamation—bent forward a little to view, askant, the lady who had fallen half-fainting upon the floor; then, with a cold, bitter, contemptuous smile—

“‘Madame Delmare,’ said she, ‘it seems it is your pleasure to place

three persons in a strange position ; but I thank you for having assigned me the least ridiculous part, and thus do I discharge it. Pray retire.

"Indignation gave strength to Indiana ; she rose up, tall and commanding. 'Who is this woman, then ?' said she to Raymon, 'and by what right does she give me orders in your house ?'

" 'You are in *my* house, Madame,' replied Laura.

" 'But do speak,' said Indiana, shaking the arm of the unhappy man in a transport of rage ; 'tell me, at once, is this your mistress or your wife ?'

" 'My wife,' replied Raymon, with a stupified air.

" 'I pardon your uncertainty,' said Madame de Ramiere, with a cruel smile. 'If you had remained where your duty placed you, you had received a letter, informing you of this gentleman's marriage.—Come, Raymon,' added she, in a tone of caustic amenity, 'I pity your embarrassment ; you are somewhat young. I hope you will learn that a little more prudence is requisite in life. I leave you to conclude this absurd scene ; I shall laugh if you look so woe-begone.'

Indiana is again on the point of sinking under her misfortunes, and again she is restored by the opportune interference of Sir Ralph Brown. Her husband had died on the night of her departure, without being aware of the circumstance of her flight. But all the assiduity and tenderness of Sir Ralph were insufficient to cure the disease of her mind ; so, finding all his efforts unavailable, he coolly proposes one peculiar to himself. And what is that, think you, gentle reader ?—why nothing more or less than *suicide*, which he characterizes as the principal superiority of man over the brute. After examining the matter, both parties determine on adopting this remedy. It only remains to fix upon how and when Sir Ralph cuts this matter short, thus—

" 'I would die,' said he, 'joyfully, with brow serene, and eyes upturned to heaven ; but not here. I will tell you, then, where suicide has appeared to me under its most noble and most solemn aspect ; it is on the edge of a precipice in the Isle of Bourbon ; it is from the summit of that cascade which leaps forward translucent, and clothed with a glorious prism, in the solitary ravine of Bernica ; it is there we have passed the sweetest hours of our infancy ; it is there I have learnt to pray—to hope ; it is there that I would wish, on a fine night of those climes, to bury myself beneath the clear waters, and to descend into the fresh and flowery tomb presented by the depth of the green gulph.' "

We question if, even in the pages of the most extravagant romances, we could find a passage of similar absurdity ; but we must hasten to the conclusion of the drama. This proposal is adopted ; they set sail for the Isle of Bourbon, and a three months' voyage has a most decided effect in composing the mind of Indiana. A change equally extraordinary, and equally beneficial, had taken place in the mind of Sir Ralph. But this did not prevent them from proceeding to carry their meditated scheme into effect. Arrayed in their gayest attire, they stand above the fatal cataract, in the moonlight, and, just before taking the leap that is to end their earthly sorrows, Sir Ralph gives vent to his long-compressed feelings, and details the history of his profound attachment, from infancy downwards, of his sufferings and despair, in a strain of such impassioned eloquence, that Indiana beholds him in a new light ; and they are, as it were, miraculously preserved, to enjoy a life of the most exquisite domestic felicity.

## AN OXFORD-STREET REMINISCENCE.

SOME few years ago, a shabby looking gentleman, carrying in his hand a fiddle, enclosed in a green bag, entered the shop of an eminent hosier in Oxford-street.

"I want," said he, addressing himself to the obsequious man of hose, "a pair of silk stockings."

"Here are a dozen pair," replied the shopkeeper, "of such a quality as no other house in London can offer. They are cheaper than dirt, and more durable than iron, and when they are worn out, they will cut down into capital socks; but that will not be for many years."

"Excellent qualities!" replied the shabby gentleman, with the fiddle; "but what is the price?"

"A trifle," returned the seller; "only twelve shillings a pair."

"Then put up one pair for me," said he of the green bag, "and I'll pay for them." At the same moment his right hand dived into the extreme recesses of his breeches pocket, as though he were endeavouring to select something underneath. He was not successful.

"Gracious Heavens!" cried he, "I have either lost my purse, or left it at home, and I know not how I can possibly do without the stockings; for you must understand, that I am going to play at a celebrated concert to-night, and must have them to wear."

"Well, sir," replied the hosier, "that shall not trouble you; we'll send them to your house."

"Unfortunately," whimpered the man of sweet sounds, screwing up his features to the dimension of a dried codling, "I am not going home; but I will, by your kind permission, leave my fiddle as a security for the twelve shillings, only requesting that you be careful of it, and hang it up (for it is a valuable instrument), on that nail, which I see disengaged over the chimney of your back parlour."

"With all my heart," replied the hosier; and immediately conducted the musician into the parlour, where he hung up the fiddle, and having received the stockings, left the shop.

About two days after this event, a person entered the shop, and bought two or three trifling articles. Being suddenly seized with a spasmodic indisposition of stomach, he requested permission to recover himself in an arm-chair of the parlour. The hosier's humanity and civility were equal to his industry. He attended his customer with much assiduity, and by help of a little brandy, rubbing, and chafing, restored the gentleman. As soon as he was well, he began to look about the room; to admire the pictures; to compliment the hosier on his taste, when his eyes rested on the fiddle.

"What! my friend," he exclaimed, "are you a musician?"

"No, sir," said the hosier; "that fiddle belongs to a poor fellow who bought a pair of stockings of me two days back, and probably has not yet been able to raise money enough to pay for them, and redeem his fiddle."

"Allow me," said the gentleman, "to look at it—I am a judge of these matters." The fiddle being delivered to him, he drew it from

the bag, and having examined it said, as though to himself, "This is really a prodigious fine fiddle!" He then placed it to his shoulder, and negligently passing the bow across the strings, produced a few notes, which appeared to the hosier of such exquisite delicacy, that the passion of gain was for a few seconds suspended.

"This fiddle," said the stranger, "appears to be a Cremonæ of the best tune.—Mr. Nottingham," he continued, looking up at the hosier, "I have known you some years, and have dealt always with you—I know you are an honest man—I will not inform you what is my opinion of the worth of this instrument; but here is a thirty pound note, for which you will give me a receipt; and if, when the wretched musician again makes his appearance, you can purchase it for fifty pounds, this note, which I have now put into your hands, shall be your own." When he had thus spoken, he gave him the note, together with his card; and having received an acknowledgment for the note, departed.

He had scarcely been gone from the shop above an hour, when the musician, in a great hurry, and much worse clothed than before, ran hastily into the shop, and, putting down the twelve shillings on the counter, requested to have his fiddle.

"Ah!" quoth the man of yarn, "I'm delighted to see you, I wish to have a few moments' conversation with you;" and, taking him into the back parlour, informed him of the liberal offer which the gentleman had made who had been there in the morning.

"With respect to the fiddle," said the musician, "I am well aware that it even exceeds in value what you have offered; nor would I think of selling it, but that my distresses are great, and customers are difficult to procure. To tell you the truth, I am now under arrest, an officer is with me outside, and I have only been allowed a few moments to fetch my fiddle, in order to carry it to a friend, who is ready to advance me upon it a sum of money sufficient to relieve me from arrest." The hosier saw that such was the fact.

"I will go with you," said he, "to the gentleman's house, and receive the fifty."—"Impossible!" replied the musician. "He may be from home, or otherwise; I cannot take the risk. The person I allude to is waiting my return."

The wily hosier now began to suspect that the fiddle would escape, and that the thirty pounds commission would be lost. He therefore resolved on a bold venture, and added twenty pounds of his own.

"Wait one moment," said he to the musician, "and you shall receive the fifty pounds." The musician hesitated, as if reluctant to part with his fiddle for the price: he surveyed it with tenderness, and said, "'Tis my necessities alone which induce me to part with thee, thou cheerful companion of my life—the better portion of my existence. But we must separate; and having been a long time the delight of thy master, thou must now become his support."

Tears were visible in the eyes of the wretched musician, and, with a trembling hand, he delivered the instrument to the hosier, and having received the fifty pounds, hurried away from the shop in a very distressed state of mind. The hosier almost repented making such a gain from so poor a man. But "business is business."



As soon as the fiddle became the property of the hosier, he ordered a coach, and repaired to the house of the gentleman whose card he possessed. The servants informed him that their master was at home, and he was soon introduced into the library. He found himself in the presence of a gentleman very different in appearance from him whom he had seen in the morning. However, he produced the fiddle, a receipt for the money he had paid, and the card, and begged to know when he could see the owner. The gentleman appeared surprised, and, indeed, the man of stockings very soon became convinced that there must be some mistake. The gentleman acknowledged the card to be his, but declared himself quite ignorant of the transaction. The hosier was struck with dismay, and returned home in a most disconsolate state, yet not without hopes that the person who had advanced the money would soon make his appearance to claim the fiddle he had so much coveted. At all events, the instrument was valuable, and he might, after all, make a handsome profit. He was relieved from all suspense by the arrival of a customer, who was a musical instrument maker; who, having examined the instrument, declared it to be a Dutch fiddle, value about eighteen and sixpence! The sound of a fiddle, ever after, threw the hosier into fits!

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TO THE WARRIORS OF POLAND.

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DROOP not, ye brave! though wide around you scatter'd  
 The blossoms lie from Freedom's shaken tree;  
 Though gone that embryo fruit, whose promise flatter'd,  
 Oh! droop not! soon another spring shall see  
 The soil, so fed, teem more abundantly:  
 The trunk, as branch by branch is lopp'd away,  
 More keenly feels the life-blood bounding free;  
 So Liberty, concentr'd thus, will play,  
 All wildly rushing forth to mock the might of clay!

Blench not, ye brave! although the dastard nations,  
 Aged, and cold, and callous, *will not* know  
 The lofty hopes, proud aim, and young impatience,  
 That nerve your arm to strike th' avenging blow:  
 Oh! blench not! soon the war-stream's ruddy flow,  
 Now sinking in your native plains, shall rise  
 In lands remote, and sweep those cravens low;  
 Who, from their tott'ring thrones, with coward eyes  
 Beheld your glorious deeds, yet dare not sympathize!

Yield not, ye brave! far better to be lying,  
 Gory and gasping, on your thresholds dear;  
 And blending (as undying with undying)  
 Your spirits with glad Freedom's spirit clear!  
 Oh! yield not! though o'erwhelming hosts appear;  
 Still may the Patriot's sword triumphant wave.  
 And guard six feet of ground to hold his bier!  
 And, when oblivion shrouds yon Victor-slave,  
 Shall pious pilgrims seek the Freeman's holy grave!

J. MARSHALL.

## PROGRESSIVE DEGENERACY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

I HAD often heard my grandmother declare, that the men and women of our time were not what they were in her earlier days. Often, good soul, has she lamented, with tears in her eyes, that we had no actors, no singers—that men were less manly and women less beautiful than in the days of her youth, and wondered what they would come to. I was a foolish boy then, and used to laugh at her prodigiously. I knew very well that Adam himself could not beat me at pitch-and-hustle, and prison-bars; and I laughed in my sleeve to think, that if I could only get my grandfather at leap-frog, how I would undeceive him touching the degeneracy of the present day in that particular. As I grew in years, the continued asseverations of my elders produced within me a spirit of inquiry. Happy would it be for me had it been otherwise!

“*Terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos.*”—JUV. Sat. 13.

“Earth nurses now on her exhausted face,  
A dwarfish, evil, and degenerate race.”

Had the love of wisdom been less firmly imprinted on my nature, what a world of uneasiness and misery would have been spared me; I am convinced that the pursuit of knowledge is a most unsatisfactory career; and my whole life, alas! has been a continued string of painful discoveries.

I will not enumerate the list of tributary groans, sighs, tears, convulsive starts, and even fits of the cholic which attended my first suspicion of the degeneracy of man, and the gradual course of my conviction. Suffice it to say, that I have satisfied myself beyond the intrusion of a doubt that we, the unhappy representatives of humanity in the nineteenth century, are *mere shadows* in comparison with our original species; and further, that I have ascertained the constant ratio of decline from the creation to the present day. I am now actively employed in calculating the exact epoch of futurity, when the mortal substance of man shall be reduced to an infinite decimal. And in all this, I beg to say, I have never once had recourse to Mr Babbage's calculating machine, or any artificial means whatsoever.

I shall begin, *ab initio*, with our first parents, of whom I am in possession of much curious and authentic information, not generally known, which I may, perhaps, one day be induced to publish for the benefit of society; but at present I shall limit myself to the question. M. Heurien, Mem de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, has singularly enough hit upon the same course of study as myself. He has favoured the world, tom. i. p. 125, with a chronological scale of the different stature of the human race in various ages. This ingenious calculator, after surmounting many difficulties, with a patience worthy of one who labours in the cause of his fellow-creatures, at last fixes the average height of mankind at successive periods, as follows:

	Feet.	Inches.		Feet.	In.
Adam . . . . .	123	9	Moses . . . . .	13	0
Eve . . . . .	118	9	Hercules . . . . .	10	3 $\frac{3}{4}$
Noah . . . . .	103	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	Man in the days of Romulus	8	0
Abraham . . . . .	28	0 $\frac{3}{8}$	Ditto at the birth of Christ	7	2 $\frac{1}{2}$

Now these calculations agree with my own in a marvellous manner, with the exception of Moses, who<sup>m</sup> I make 13 feet 1½ inches, and of which I am so certain, that I boldly challenge M. Heurien to disprove it before any learned society in Europe; but this I know he will not attempt.

In the happy days of the protoplast, the existence of man was proportioned to his size, and extended nearly to one thousand years! Alas! how are we reduced in duration of life and dimensions! From a glorious ten centuries and more than twice sixty feet, to a miserable maximum of threescore and ten, and a beggarly six feet two in our stocking. From the time of the flood the days of man were cut down to nearly one half; from that event to the Trojan war we find our species rapidly decreasing in length of life and fine proportion. Nestor was, accordingly, esteemed old at the moderate age of three hundred, which the sybils, I fancy, did not much exceed. In all times, however, there were extraordinary individuals who overstep the bounds of nature—such a one was Polyphemus, who, as we learn from Lucilius, an author of great accuracy and research, was two hundred feet in height; and this account is strongly corroborated by Boccaccio, in the Fourth Book of his Genealogy, who tells us that the body of this very Cyclop was found in a Sicilian cavern, holding in the left-hand the pine-tree which, in the time of Ulysses, served him as a walking-stick. This shillelah was considerably longer than the mainmast of a man-of-war. The extraordinary height of Polyphemus makes nothing against my argument for the progressive degeneracy of mankind; for this formidable person could hardly be considered of the ordinary race of mortals; but of that larger class—now almost extinct—called giants: of such a race he is usually classed by the historians. None but unreasonable sceptics can doubt the existence of such beings—of what other race were Goliath, Og, king of Basan, and the sons of Anak? I have myself seen the enormous bones of the Læstrygones and Cyclops on the vast excavations in which they resided years ago in various parts of Sicily; nay, I have trod with my feet, and touched with my hands, the identical rocks hurled by the eyeless and enraged Polyphemus at the departing ship of Ulysses, which, in memory of the fact, are to this day called *gli scogli del Ciclope*, the rocks of the Cyclops. It is hardly necessary to make further proof; but if any should be wanted, I recommend the incredulous to consult the work of the Abbe Bania, as also that of the Abbe Zilladet, where is clearly shewn, that entire cities and populous nations of giants formerly existed.

Let us, however, return to the race from which we are actually descended, and examine a little into the size and prowess of the heroes before Troy—men comparatively of our own times, and the undoubted progenitors of the modern Greeks. Here, then, we are at home—positively at our own threshold; for we have for our guide the unimpeachable testimony of Homer—as veracious an historian as he is an admirable poet. The only style of recording events in those days was in poetry; for it was not until about 550 B.C., that Cadmus of Miletus composed the first history in prose. Homer, it is to be recollected, lived little more than two hundred years after the de-

struction of Troy, and consequently conversed with the descendants, in a very near degree, of the warriors whose exploits he celebrates. He acquaints us that, in his age, two of the strongest men would be unable to raise from the earth the fragments of rock with which Hector, Ajax, and Diomed saluted the heads and skins of their opponents. These fragments, it appears, were flying about in those days as thick and fast as pebbles at a cock-shy. The exact and mathematical Virgil, treating of the same generation, and having before him the exact ratio of the decline down to his own age, allows twelve vigorous athletæ of the Augustan age,

*"Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus"*—ÆN. Lib. 12.

"Men of such frame as earth produces now."

For the mere operation of moving the stone with which Turnus proposed to break the head of his adversary Æneas. What but manifest truth could have caused two authors of different ages and nations to coincide with such nicety in their calculations? The mace with which Ajax repelled the Trojans from the Grecian fleet was twenty-two cubits *δύοκαι ἐκκοσιπενήχῃ*, or nearly thirty-six English feet in length; and the ordinary spear of Hector, which that hero was accustomed to dart to the full range of a modern rifle-ball, was half as long, or about eighteen feet English. I must here halt, by the way, to animadvert on Pope, who, in his version, does not do justice to the weapon of Ajax, by at least three feet, and to that of Hector in the same proportion—his translation runs thus:

"A ponderous mace, with studs of iron crown'd,

Full twenty cubits long, he swings around."—Book 15.

And again,

"Of full ten cubits was the lance's length."—Book 8.

Whereas the Greek bard assures us it was exactly eleven cubits long. I could quote the original, but least I should be suspected of ostentatiously wishing to display my reading, I shall leave the learned inquirer to refer to the passage himself, and content myself, in the succeeding quotations, with Pope's otherwise admirable performance. But neither the lance of Hector, nor the mace of Ajax, could stand a comparison with the spear of Achilles, which was one of the largest ashes on Mount Pelion:

"An ash entire

Great Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire."

The mass of iron hurled by Polypætēs to an enormous distance and won by him as his prize, at the funeral games in honour of Patroclus, was of such size as to suffice for stocking a large farm for the space of five years, with plough-shares, iron tools, and utensils of every description; but he was a remarkably strong man.

The appetite of these renowned Greeks, as it may easily be supposed, was on a par with their prowess, and will serve to illustrate my position. In the present day, I venture to assert, on my own experience and capability, that the aggregate of men, in the fullest enjoyment of health and vigour, will find themselves puzzled to consume, at a single onset, more than three or four pounds of



solid meat, with proportional accompaniments of pudding, bread, and vegetables, to say nothing of porter and gin-and-water; whilst the strongest headed drinker will begin to stagger at his fifth or sixth bottle. Perhaps the most respectable instance of modern mastication on record, is the late feat of a countryman, who, having devoured as much tripe as would by measurement have made him a coat and waistcoat, bargained, in the pride of his heart, for demolishing a whole suit, but was ingloriously obliged to give in at the calf of the left leg. Let us now turn to the ancients, and we shall find all these apparently powerful exhibitions of prowess puerile and insignificant in the extreme. From the Iliad we derive much valuable information respecting the appetites of the age; for though the principal heroes whose table exploits only are commemorated may have had a greater quantum on which to exercise their talents, there is no reasonable ground for maintaining that they excelled more in the exercise than the *ignobile vulgus*. When the single combat between Hector and Ajax is concluded, Iliad, Book 7, the leaders of the Greeks sit down to dinner:—

“ Each takes his seat, and each receives his share;  
The king himself, an honorary sign,  
Before great Ajax placed the mighty chine.”

Which entire back of beef, destined for the stomach of one hero, was, as we have been previously informed, late the property of a full-grown ox. Again, in Book 9, the same Ajax, Ulysses, and old Phoenix, are deputed to conciliate Achilles. On their arrival at his tent, the first salutations past, before they proceed to the business of the day—

“ Patroclus o’er the blazing fire  
Heaps, in a brazen vase, three chines entire;  
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,  
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains.”

Which ample provision of pig, mutton, and goat, it must be noted, is to constitute the supplemental repast of five persons who have already dined, and that not half-an-hour before. The frugality of the ancients is well known; they regulated the quantity of their fare to the experienced or supposed appetites of their guests; and such was the nicety of their calculation, that remnants were rarely suffered to leave the table. Several centuries after this, Milo of Crotona killed a bullock of four years old with one blow of his fist, and eat the whole animal in a single day. As late as B.C. 235, the Roman Emperor Maximinus dispatched every day for dinner forty pounds of beef, and five gallons of wine. In short, innumerable examples of a similar nature might be cited to prove the absurd degeneracy of the present age, though these, I trust, will suffice to bear out my argument. Even within this last 500 years our ancestors were much larger and stronger than ourselves. What modern grenadier can sustain, for half-an-hour, a complete suit of the armour which our able-bodied forefathers wore in their daily pastime?

The only consolation that offers itself on the subject is, that instead of repining at what cannot be remedied, we ought rather to

congratulate ourselves that we have appeared on the stage before the human race has dwindled into absolute pigmies, as assuredly they will; and, though we cut but a sorry figure when compared to our ancestors of three thousand years since, posterity, in its turn, will venerate us as very formidable fellows. Let us console, therefore, ourselves with the reflection, that but a few years hence, and some strapping grenadier of two feet six, doing duty at a new Horse Guards, not bigger than a dog-kennel, will behold with wonder the rusty remains of one of our Life Guardsmen's helmets, and turn away, marvelling at the strength of the heroes of those days.

PRISMEGISTUS REDIVIVUS.

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TO A TEAR.

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FRAIL being! tremulous and clear,  
Oft on the cheek do'st thou appear,  
To soothe despair, and give the heart relief;  
Of life how many a varied feeling,  
Pure, glittering drop! art thou revealing?  
Alternately the type of joy and grief!

Thou wer't by sin first introduced to man,  
When woman's curiosity outran  
Discretion, and our race from Eden hurl'd:  
Great Alexander shed thee, when no state  
Remain'd for his red arm to subjugate—  
And his dread sceptre wav'd in triumph o'er the world!

When lovers part—perhaps for ever!  
Thou mark'st the moment when they sever;  
And when fond plighted bosoms meet,  
Their passion pure thou can'st express  
More truly than can words confess,  
For then thou'rt from the heart, and scorn'st deceit.

'Mid wasting wars, and carnage dread,  
When by a hero thou art shed,  
Thou add'st a jewel to his crown of fame;  
But oh! how different the tear  
That speaks the recreant coward's fear—  
At once his badge of infamy and shame!

When "dew-eyed Pity" gives thee birth,  
There's not a sparkling gem of earth  
Can half thy lustre borrow;  
And all thy loveliness we see,  
When thou art shed by Sympathy  
Upon the breast of Sorrow!

## THE CATALAN CAPUCHIN.

Few persons who have not been in the country have ever heard the extraordinary traits of individual heroism which characterized the annals of the South American revolution. History has not yet done justice to the memory of those brave men who have shed their best blood for their country, and by whose sacrifices the ultimate happiness and freedom of their posterity will be effected. But this by the way—it is not my intention to treat the matter seriously here. There are instances of humorous incident, and others, of a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, that will suit my present purpose better.

Among the mass of men which the revolution introduced from obscurity, were many whose sole recommendation was their daring intrepidity. Assisted by the influence which such a quality obtained for them among their countrymen, they procured detached commands, where, by dint of valour and vigilance, such extraordinary deeds were achieved as would astonish the modern tactician, and lead us back to the days of our chivalric forefathers.

Distinguished from many of the minor chiefs of that day, was one who I shall call Llanero. He was by birth a native of Porto-Rico, but had expatriated himself on account of a slight difference he had had with the alcalde of his town. In the short progress of this misunderstanding, the alcalde was left minus a nose; and such was the indignation of the authorities, by this outrage upon justice, that poor Llanero was never able to return. He was a man of no half-measures;—therefore, seeing his proffered friendship treated with the promise of a halter by the Spanish government, he determined on doing his best to earn the distinction. The first proof of his conciliatory intention became manifest by his volunteering into the insurgent forces, commanded by General Miranda, destined to act against the province of Valencia. After the defeat of Miranda, and upon the re-establishment of the royal authority, many individuals belonging to the Independent forces, who had private reasons of their own for not returning into royal bondage, scattered themselves in the immense plains and forests which lie between the Carraccas and the Orinoco, and, collecting a few followers, commenced a small brigand practice on their own account; and really managed to carry on a very pretty stroke of business. They had plenty of wild cattle for food, plenty of good horses to ride, and their hammocks, swung between trees, formed a very comfortable and economical lodging. Their gains were principally devoted to their luxuries, and were spent in ardent spirits and tobacco. Llanero was one of these free-traders, and managed to maintain himself in this respectable position in society till the arrival of General Bolivar, who entered the province of Venezuela at the head of an inconsiderable number of troops, and, after obtaining some successes on the Orinoco, was joined by most of the free companies scattered about. His insignificant armament thus became a formidable corps;—it was then the deadly struggle commenced, which ended in the expulsion of the Spaniards from the land which they had ruled for centuries.

For Bolivar, Llanero had a most profound respect, carried almost to veneration ; and he was consequently one of the first to join the Independent standard. The great difficulty the army of the Liberator had to struggle against was the want of provisions. The left bank of the Orinoco had been so ravaged by former wars that little could be expected from its miserable inhabitants. The country on the right bank of the river had been in comparative security ; but the people, uncertain of payment, sent such very scanty supplies to the requisitions of the Liberator, that he determined to send Llanero amongst them as a proper person to stimulate their patriotism, and persuade them to their good.

It so happened that, a few days previous to the departure of Llanero on his mission, a French schooner arrived, laden with all manner of things which could not find a market elsewhere,—such as old clothes, rancid oil, sour wine ; and, judging the march of mind was progressing at Angostura with the march of Bolivar, many books were sent—translations from the French into the Spanish : and the cabin was adorned with a ballad, then in great vogue among the French, much about the same popularity as “*Cherry Ripe*” once enjoyed with us. This ballad was called “*La Barque à Caron*,” and took Llanero’s fancy very much. He was at the pains of having it translated to him and learning it by heart. He was soon made to understand that part of the mythology of the ancients which was the gist of the song, and fully comprehended how old Charon was employed to ferry the souls of deceased sinners to await the final order of the infernal judge.—Such was the burthen of “*La Barca de Caroni*,” as translated.

Before Llanero had been appointed to the mission, he was raised to the rank of Major in the Independent army ; so, thinking it incumbent upon him to do justice to his dignity, he clothed himself from head to foot with the cast-off French military finery,—which, to the unsophisticated taste of the republican soldier, was the climax of splendour ; for, it must be understood, the trifling earnings of his former industrious pursuit had not been completely dissipated, and now it enabled him to add lustre to a rank that he little anticipated when his entire military wardrobe consisted of a blanket with a hole cut in the middle, through which he could thrust his head. His appearance was much in the following fashion :—Tall and gaunt ; but wiry and muscular. His countenance very dark, and his crispy hair betraying a tinge of the African, or, as the sailors say, “a dip of the tar-brush.” The expression of his features would not have been bad had it not been sadly biassed by an irregular exhibition of muscle, extending from the right eye-brow across the eye and cheek and right lip, which was completely separated ; this was the consequence of being under the hands of a bungling practitioner in the likeness of a Spanish dragoon, who wantonly dropped his instrument across Llanero’s face, just at the moment when he received a cloth-yard or so of lance-wood through his interior : this Llanero would facetiously observe, twisting his grisly features into something like a grin, was the signature of his Spanish correspondent to his last will and testament. We now behold him casting off his former primitive vestments, and clothed in a short hussar jacket of light blue, edged round with



white wool, and decorated with three silver stripes on the right cuff, denoting the rank of its late owner, who had evidently been a small man, as the black bony paws of Llanero protruded at considerable length from beneath the sheep-skin cuffs. His trousers, too, originally of white duck, were stained here and there, and reached half-way down the calves of his legs. This deficiency, however, was pretty well concealed by a pair of wellington boots, which were coaxed into a junction with the *shorts* and laced up tightly round the leg. His costume was completed by a black beaver hat, which, from the circumstance of being distinguished by a broad gold band and buckle, must originally have graced the tympanum of some intelligent functionary of the hall-door or coach-box. This was further distinguished by a huge white feather, late the pride of some French drum-major, which was upreared directly in front, and nodded backward or forward according to the movement of the wearer. In this warlike panoply Llanero took his leave of the Liberator, and pressing a Flechera into the service, set sail from Angostura up the Orinoco, to teach the wilful inhabitants of the upper country a salutary lesson on the duties of freemen. Shortly after, we find our friend comfortably established in a small town, by the river's side, and had pitched his tent at a very respectable domicile, which had heretofore owned some Spaniard as master. But the war had caused more than one house to change proprietors. He had hitherto succeeded wonderfully in his mission; perhaps, by the natural blandness and insinuating manners peculiar to gentlemen of his class; but, wherever he went, he persuaded people to forward large supplies to Angostura, for which they received the written acknowledgment of the Liberator, and his compliments on their distinguished patriotism. The only difficulty he experienced was his entire ignorance of the country;—it was an unknown land to him, as his operation had been confined to the plains and forests on the other side of the river. He was, therefore, occasionally liable to mistakes, which he was often indebted to the natural shrewdness of his character—and of which, by-the-way, he was not a little vain—to escape the consequences.

Late one evening he was sitting alone under his porch, in all the dignity of power, trying the respective merits of a bottle of gin and one of rum, which he had received that day as a present from headquarters, and enjoying the luxury of knowing he had nothing to do till the next day;—most of the inhabitants had retired to rest, and nothing was heard but the wailing melancholy cry of the Curacoa on the plains, the hoarse croak of the bull-frog, and the tramp of the sentinel of the lance guard that were quartered at his own residence:—Llanero was dozing comfortably over his cigar, and visions of rank and power, conjured up by the potent spirit of gin, were dazzling his excited imagination,—when, suddenly, he bent forward his head, and the fume of his cigar ceased to circulate. His mouth was half-unclosed, and his eyes strained towards a certain point; his attitude and manner betrayed intense interest. The well practised ear of Llanero, cultivated to an extraordinary extent by his former habits of vigilance, had detected in the distance the tramp of a horse as at full speed. He listened until he became assured; then, starting upon his legs, he

turned out the guard, and despatched two patrols to reconnoitre: the remainder stood with their hands on their bridles in the court-yard, their spirited steeds stamping impatiently on the paved enclosure, and champing their heavy bits. It was not long before the patrols returned, and accompanied by another horseman bearing the lance and flag of the Republic. They all drew up at the head-quarters—and the stranger, leaping from his foaming horse, without preamble or ceremony, put into Llanero's hand a sealed packet.

It proved to be an *estafette* from Angostura, bringing despatches from the Liberator himself to the Major Llanero. Eagerly did the Major break the seal, and peruse the document, which he found to be pretty nearly as follows:

"The Liberator is given to understand, that, at the village of San-Luis, or somewhere in its neighbourhood, resides a Catalan Capuchin, called Brother Juan de Dios. As this person has rendered himself obnoxious to the government by misleading the people respecting imaginary successes obtained by the Spanish, and is otherwise a declared enemy to the Republic, you are commanded, on the receipt of this, to arrest the said Catalan Capuchin, Juan de Dios, and cause him immediately to pass the Caroni.

"To Major Llanero,  
Commandant of San-Juan."

The Caroni is a small river flowing into the Orinoco, about twenty leagues from Angostura, and was formerly the boundary of the missions, or cultivated farms belonging to the Catalan Capuchins; but Llanero, as we have hinted before, knowing nothing of the geography of this part of the country, had never heard the name of the river in his life. But a luminous idea struck him. He had not forgotten the song he learned at Angostura, nor the lesson he had received touching its poetical though somewhat obscure interpretation. "So, so," thought the major, "I am no longer a mere soldier of the state—I am a confidential agent of the Liberator—he speaks to me in parables; but he knows his man—a word to the wise—I see it all—he wants this fellow to be put out of the way—the despatch might have been intercepted. A word to the wise—yes, yes," muttered the major, quite satisfied with his shrewd interpretation of the Liberator's wishes—"I see—Lieutenant-Colonel—Colonel—and Aide-de-camp is certain.—Hollo!—guard, there!—bring me the alcalde immediately."

"Why, major, he has been in bed these three hours," said a tall, swarthy serjeant.

"Silence, sirrah!—how dare you answer me? Drag him out, then, and bring him within five minutes."

The alcalde, a little, shrivelled old man, arrived within the time, trembling, and pale as death, at such an unusual summons. He was more than suspected of being a royalist himself, and now dreaded some disclosure, perhaps, affecting his life.

"Sennor Alcalde," said the major, without thinking it necessary to apologize to the functionary for so peremptory a summons, "you must provide a guide to take a corporal and four men to San-Luis, to arrest the capuchin that lives somewhere in that quarter. Let him be here in a quarter-of-an-hour."

"But, Senor Major," faltered the little alcalde, "I really have so little knowledge——"

"Silence!—How many leagues is it from here to San-Luis?"

"Four leagues and better; but, really Major——"

"Silence!—Then the people ought to be back here by the middle of the day to-morrow. Now, look ye here, Senor Alcalde; I'm a man of few words: if they are not back by the evening bell, I shall look to you for a fine of three hundred dollars, and shall seize your cattle as security. Now see that you get a safe guide."

"*Valgami Dios!*" shrieked the poor little functionary; "but Major, you surely——"

"What, dog of a Goth!" shouted the major, with a furious elevation of voice—"unmannerly vagabond! do you dare to interrupt me? Very well, Sir! we'll cut this matter—you shall be the guide yourself, and if, before twelve to-morrow, you don't bring me the monk, I'll hang you on yonder palm-tree to feed the gallinacio!—Now, then, to horse! to horse! and strap me this will-o'-the-wisp to the saddle, lest the wind should carry him off."

The major had been accustomed to rather a rough will of his own, and it was sometimes dangerous to tamper with him. Nobody, therefore, thought it prudent to hazard a remark; so that, in less than a quarter of an hour, the poor alcalde, well strapped and escorted, was on his route to San-Luis.

That night, thanks to the nature of his potation, the major slept well; but early in the morning, on rising, the contents of the dispatch he had received over-night flashed across his mind. He looked at it, and read it over and over again—something staggered him—it was not as to the actual purport of the order that he was at fault—of that he was quite certain; but there was a little sneaking weakness at his heart touching the sacred office of the minister of the church. The early impressions of his youth arose to his memory—his native village and the church, and the kind old padre who first taught him to read and to pray! but that was many years ago. Had it been the disposal of prisoners—hanging a few contumacious civilians, or any thing else, indeed, in the plain way of business—but the church!—that was a different affair—it did not come within his practice.

"A thousand curses on the fiend that put this into the head of Bolivar!" he muttered, as he strode up and down his chamber, filling it with smoke, which he puffed vehemently from his cigar. "I wish to God the infernal thing was done, and it was off my mind! They can't be long before they are here." Here he gazed earnestly out upon the plain—"I would give fifty of the best horses of the savannah, if an earthquake would stumble on the whole lot, and rid me of the job." In vain he tried to persuade himself that the Capuchin was a Spaniard, and, consequently, amenable to military law. It would not do—his conscientious scruples set all his sophistry at defiance. He lighted his cigar and re-lighted it—swallowed brandy, glass after glass—swore at his men in a manner even to astonish them, and stamped about the room like a madman—working himself into a fearful state of excitement.

Before the middle of the day, however, the tri-colored flag of his own lancers was seen at a distance in the plain, and, before the time appointed, the party halted at the major's quarters, bringing with

them the Capuchin and the alcalde:—it was by the merest luck in the world they had captured the monk; for the alcalde had not spoken a word since their departure—he was unmoved by entreaties and threats, and resolved not to betray the Capuchin—he maintained an obstinate silence. The monk, knowing they had just cause of complaint against him, remained concealed at some neighbouring farm, and not supposing but that he was safe when administering the actual duties of his sacred office, he came forth occasionally to administer consolation to his flock. As ill-luck would have it, Llanero's party entered San-Luis as the Capuchin entered the church, and the corporal who commanded not being gifted, like his superior, with any scruple at all, arrested him at the very altar. It was of no use to resist; but knowing in his own mind they dare not harm him, the monk vowed the bitter vengeance of Heaven against Llanero and all employed in so sacrilegious an outrage.

Llanero had hitherto anxiously awaited the arrival of this Capuchin, but at that moment he cursed the fortune that had betrayed him into their hands. Each moment he became more irresolute, and had almost determined to send him a prisoner to Bolivar, to deal with him as he pleased—when the Capuchin himself caused him to make up his mind quicker than he expected. Dismounting from his horse in a style not unworthy of a professed equestrian, the monk strode haughtily up to the Independent officer: “How long is it, Sir, since the brothers of the holy St. Francis have been amenable to military authority?” Llanero was a little taken aback; but the monk proceeded in a higher tone than was discreet:—“Was there ever a man in the world, except a rascally bandit like you, who would dare put his devilish hand upon a priest at the altar?—but hark'ye, babe of hell! I'll make no compromise with your masters, until you are disgraced like a rascally robber, as you are.” This was touching poor Llanero upon a tender subject, and no wonder that his amiable peculiarities should display themselves. Still, however, with an admirable resolution, he did not break out, but his inflamed visage presaged a storm.

“As far as regards my chief,” said he, in reply to the monk's tirade, I am quite easy:—“I act under the express order of the Liberator.”

“The Liberator!” shouted the monk, clenching his hand in defiance.—“Say, rather, the libertine—the atheist—the accursed of God!—Those are the titles that accord best with a traitor to his King and the Holy Church. But I tell you, hell-dog as you are, neither he nor his will long blind the eyes of honest men. He shall not escape this time as he did before—I swear it—he shall hang like a dog, with you and every brigand that has helped him!”

“*Sangre de Dios!* you shall not live to see it—spawn of the Devil!” shouted Llanero, bursting into uncontrollable fury at this irreverent mention of Bolivar. All the fire of the bandit gleamed from his fearfully excited visage;—“for this moment do I consign you to another world!” The Capuchin, full of confidence at the protection of his cloth, treated his threat with contempt.

“Go! miserable wretch,” said he; “go! you are even beneath my



pity. Incarnate fiend as you are, with your hands red with innocent blood, and your soul steeped in unmentionable crimes, you dare not cause a hair of my head to fall ; reserve your ill-timed pleasantries for your equals, and fall down on your vile knees, miserable ! and implore my mercy !” Llanero was absolutely paralyzed with rage—though fury was rending his very vitals. As the monk finished, he burst into a loud hysteric laugh, and, throwing up his right hand, cried in a voice scarcely human—

“Guard ! lead forth the prisoner !” The monk was roughly seized by each arm, and led into the court yard.

“Halt !—Prisoner, have you recommended your soul to God ?” The monk, full of an absurd confidence, shrugged his shoulders, and did not deign even to turn his head toward Llanero, who was immediately behind him. It was well he did not, it saved his heart a pang ; for there he stood—his face livid as a corpse, his features convulsed, and in his right hand trembled his naked blade, stained to the hilt in blood !

“Father ! look to your sandals.” The monk, thinking some trick had been played him, bent his neck to see, when at that moment he rolled a headless and bloody corpse !

The news of this barbarous execution spread like wildfire throughout the province, where the Capuchin was much respected ; and the excitement which it produced against the government, with whom it was supposed to have originated, began to assume an alarming appearance. Numerous armed bodies rose in various parts, and fell upon the detachments belonging to Llanero’s corps, which were quartered around, and Llanero himself narrowly escaped being torn to pieces—he only saved himself by leaping upon the bare back of a horse that happened to be pasturing near his dwelling. Thus mounted, he galloped six leagues without halting—supplying the absence of spurs by the point of his poniard, and fancying, in every gust of wind, he heard the shouts of his pursuers.

Things would have gone rather untoward with our friend, had he presented himself before Bolivar at that juncture. The disgrace which he brought upon government, would, in all probability, have been expiated by the gallant major being made to follow the monk. He, therefore, judged it prudent to await a more favourable opportunity for an audience ; in which resolution he was quite confirmed, by learning from a comrade, that his interpretation of passing the Caroni was a species of wit not likely to be relished by the parties for whose especial benefit it was intended.

Quite crest-fallen at his unfortunate mistake, and the loss of his detachment, Llanero took refuge among his ancient haunts, only corresponding with one of his old comrades at Angostura, who at last succeeded in appeasing the wrath of Bolivar, and procuring an order for his return. On the day appointed for Llanero’s appearance, he presented himself at the palace at Angostura—a large building that occupies one side of the great square, formerly the residence of the Spanish governors—and found the Liberator lolling, according to his custom, in a large white hammock, which was highly ornamented with lace, and amusing himself by conversing with some of the

favourites of his staff. On the major's introduction, the Liberator made him recount the whole transaction, the excessive absurdity of which, added to the *sang-froid* recital, notwithstanding its tragical *denouement*, convulsed them all with laughter. Llanero, mistaking their mirth for approbation, thought he might push his success a little further; so, retreating to a little distance, he drew his sword, and holding it by the point, presented the handle to Bolivar, saying, with as much humility as his nature would allow, "This, your Excellency, is the humble instrument that served me to shave the poor Capuchin's beard. May I beg to be allowed to present to ——"

"*Nom de Dieu!*" exclaimed Bolivar, in French; and, vaulting back from his hammock some two or three yards, "is the fellow drunk, or has he lost his wits, that he takes me for a stabber, by giving me his filthy blade?"

"Pardon, your Excellency!" returned the Major, rather abashed at the success of his experiment; "but I merely meant to call your attention to a curious circumstance connected with the affair. This vagabond monk, you must know, General, always wore a thick padded collar about his neck, as it was supposed, in consequence of some disease. Now, what might your Excellency believe this collar was stuffed with? perhaps you will suppose some aromatic precaution against infection from the sick! No; simply with twenty-five good doubloons of gold, which this saintly brigand had levied upon charity. Now, General, what I wished to say was, that this poor contemptible blade, for which no one would give half a dollar, made a clean sweep of neck, collar, doubloons, and all; and see, sir, not a single notch!"

It is said that Llanero became exceedingly quarrelsome and troublesome after this event, and the least allusion to the river Caroni was certain to excite in him the most violent anger; indeed, he very nearly cut the throat of a Piedmontese officer, who, not knowing the circumstance of his disgrace, politely invited him to share in a feast of *maccaroni*!

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#### LOVE.

WHERE, shrinking, cowers detected Guilt,  
Where blood for blood must soon be spilt;  
When RUTH and Mercy shuddering flee,  
And Justice sounds its dread decree,  
Love, like a star in cloud-stained skies,  
Still keeps lone watch with weeping eyes.

Tears, nor tortures, nor dismay,  
Can scare that drooping form away;—  
All unions may be torn apart  
Save those that rivet heart and heart,—  
Life and light—and lip and breath—  
Love stands alone, defying Death!

W. G. A.

## THE ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA.

It is peculiar to the English to lavish more money upon musicians than the whole of Europe besides, and yet to be abused throughout the Continent for having no music themselves, and for knowing little or nothing about it. To be English, according to foreigners, is to be unmusical; and, if we compare English with foreign music, sharp though the satire be, it would seem to be not altogether untrue. Even the Irish and the Scotch, who for centuries have ceased to rank as separate and independent people, have not ceased to make it a reproach to their fellow-countrymen that they have no national music. Friends and foes concur in the censure, and one would suppose that, in so bad a cause, the best course were to keep still and do nothing. Nevertheless, some "Britons bold" there are, who, in the teeth of all disadvantages, have conceived and put forth the project of a NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA. Whether they have done this because they believe that the elements of good music lie dormant in the nation, and only require cultivation, and a favourable vent to become conspicuous; or, whether it is that, seeing how the English always have been, and evidently still are, determined to expend hundreds of thousands every year on music, they only think it were just as well for their fellow-countrymen to be put in as a fair situation of obtaining a portion of the outlay, as foreigners, we care not just now to ask: the project has been put forth, and it is our duty to consider it. We confess, if possible, we would do something for our own flesh and blood.

The gentlemen who have been so hardy as to propose an "English National Opera," are Mr. G. Herbert Rodwell and Mr. J. Barnett,—the former, favourably known to the public as the composer of much pleasant music for the little theatre in the Adelphi; and the latter, a highly popular ballad writer, and the author of some successful operas, at what are falsely called the "great" houses. The merit of having originated the plan of a theatre for English music *only*, rests with Mr. Barnett.\* Last autumn, in conjunction with Mr. Bishop, he forwarded to his Majesty, a petition on the subject; the King referred the question to the Duke of Devonshire, and his Grace refused the prayer. Mr. Rodwell then took the matter in hand, and laid

\* "To His Most Gracious Majesty, &c., &c.

"The Memorial of John Barnett, Musical Composer.

"Humbly shows: That the cultivation of Music, both vocal and instrumental, has greatly increased in England of late years, but that, during such time, neither the character or success of English Music or of English Composers have improved.

"That up to a recent period, English singers and English composers were almost exclusively employed in certain London theatres, but that latterly, the works of foreign musicians, obtained at little or no expense, and foreign singers, hired on very expensive terms, have nearly excluded English music, vocal and instrumental, from the larger London theatres.

"That the continuance of such a state of things seems to threaten the extinction of Music as an original science in England.

"That if a new theatre were to be licensed for the performance of operas, or

before the Royal Society of Musicians, the draft of a memorial (it is rather a curious production as a specimen of reasoning and writing) to the King, for a "New Grand National Opera, whose aim should be science—whose end, charity." We are not informed whether any petition founded upon this document has really been presented, and if so, what was the answer returned. From his pamphlet\* we learn, that Mr. Rodwell would form our musicians into a society, for the purpose of obtaining a licence for a "Grand Opera," and raising "forty thousand pounds," to build it, by "donations of any amount down to one penny." Farther into the details of this outline it cannot here be necessary to enter: it would avail nothing were we to explain how Mr. Rodwell would have five directors, a treasurer, and two auditors for this forty thousand pound donation opera; how he would make engagements, how regulate performances, how choose musical pieces, make payments, and bestow all his profits by way of charity upon the "Royal Society of Musicians," the "New Musical Fund," the "Choral Fund," and the "Royal Academy of Music." To explain these various details, we repeat, were idle, and for the strongest reason possible. We have read Mrs. Glass, on Cookery, and bethink us of the maxim—"first catch your hare,"—in other words, first get forty thousand pounds in donations! It is a castle in the air. In so far as it evinces an amiable enthusiasm for the profession, which he practises with a fair and praiseworthy reputation, and shows regard for the distressed condition of his brother musicians, the plan does Mr. Rodwell great credit. But here our approbation must stop; it betrays great weakness; it is impracticable. The "gentle public will not give away a tithe of the sum demanded to English music in pounds or pence.

Mr. Barnett's plan—we speak from report, and are subject to correction, for he has not favoured us by publishing a pamphlet—is more a matter of business. He petitions for a Theatre for English music, and English music *only*, and he proposes to raise a capital to build and furnish such a theatre by joint stock shares. The great object is to create an English school of Music, and both Mr. Barnett and Mr. Rodwell see that the surest way, to effect that great and good end, is to procure for English Musicians a certain market for their productions. Mr. Barnett would vest the property and net profits of this market in those who expend their money to erect it, rightly fore-

musical dramas, the production of English composers, and if in the construction of such theatre, care were to be had, so to arrange its accommodations and charges as to make them suit the respective tastes and conveniences of the different ranks of society, which may be presumed to be likely to become the supporters of such an establishment, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that an impulse would be given to the musical abilities of Englishmen, which would elevate the English school to a rank gradually approaching, and in time fully equal, to that deservedly enjoyed by the Continental nations.

"That your Memorialist, therefore, ventures with great humility to submit to your Majesty the propriety of having a new theatre licensed, for the cultivation and support of English music only, and your Memorialist solicits that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to become the Patron of such theatre.

"And your Memorialist will ever pray."

\* Letter to the Musicians of Great Britain, by G. Herbert Rodwell, &c. 8vo. Frazer.



seeing, that if the musician obtains employment, and the interests of the science are secured by the limitations of the patent, under which he performs, all will have been done that a reasonable man can pretend to ask for. Mr. Rodwell, more generous but less judicious, would not only procure employment for the musician while young and in health, but would devote all the emoluments which that employment might produce to provide charity for him when aged, decayed, and distressed. This were a premium against economy—the conclusive inducement to extravagance and dissipation, in a profession which has always been sufficiently surrounded by temptations to imprudence. The English musician, we believe, will be content (we are sure he ought to be), when he shall be assured of those means and facilities for acquiring fortune and distinction, which the foreigners who carry away thousands from us yearly, enjoy in their native homes, and by which, fostered and improved, they are enabled to surpass and overcome the unsupported Englishman beneath his own roof. The English musician wants, and he has every title to, a certain theatre for the exhibition of his talents: give him that, and, like other men, he will take care of his own fortune—give him that, and should he, notwithstanding, come a creeping beggar-man to our doors in old age, it will at least be a consolation to reflect that he will not have a claim upon our charity. We shall already have done our duty to him.

In looking forward to such a state of things, our eyes are steadily fixed upon Mr. Barnett's plan. In all the Arts and Sciences, useful and liberal, we stand, with the exception of music alone, if not superior, at least equal, to the present generation of our fellow-men. A theatre for the sole encouragement of English music would go far to remove this solitary stain upon the national character, and, if prudently devised, such a theatre would certainly be obtained. The object is one for which every educated Englishman must feel an interest. In that capacity we recommend Messrs. Barnett, and Bishop, and Rodwell to unite together, and select a good committee to forward their designs. But let not men of rank and influence only be sought for. Their's is a matter of business; and practical men are indispensable to its success. Let the scheme of a joint stock company, with a capital of sixty thousand pounds, in shares of fifty pounds each, be laid before the public. Petitions to the King may be easily obtained in its favour, and should his Majesty be advised to reject its prayer, let the committee apply for an Act of Parliament. A cause at once so popular and so just, could hardly fail, we should imagine, of the desired success.

## COCKNEY AND CORYDON.

CORYDON.

**MARCH! march! Bread-street, and Cannon-street,  
Aldermaubury, march forward in state!  
March Austin Friars! while crooked Threadneedle-street,  
Limps on her crutches thro' Temple-bar gate!**

**Come from the land of the brick manufactories!  
Piled, like old Babylon, street over square!  
Fly from the scene, where Old Nick the chief actor is!  
From the Jews of St. James's, and eke of Rag Fair!**

**March from your Mansion House, lord of the city!  
Start for the country, ye lovers of fun!  
Up, Gog and Magog, for once—'twere a pity  
To live all your lives without seeing the sun!**

**Oh! think, gentle Cockney, how lovely the roses,  
And violets, and lilies, that perfume the air!  
Oh! rusticate instantly—follow your noses  
Through Highgate and Hampstead—cut Finsbury-square!**

**Think, think, of the moonbeam that sleeps on the river,  
Of the rock, and the ocean, the mountain, and dell—  
Of the foliage so bright, and the aspens that quiver,  
And the fountain that plays in its own mossy cell!**

**Oh! think of these loveable sentimentalities!  
Your convict-like drudging *must* make a man spare;  
Then quit the base scene of life's sordid realities—  
Haste, haste to our hills and vales—*try* the fresh air!**

COCKNEY.

**Truce, truce to your dreaming! you move but my pity,—  
Grave Magog e'en laughs, till he's heard by St. Paul:  
'Tis the gas, not the moon, that enlightens the city,  
D'ye think your Dame Nature could build our Guildhall?**

**Lord love your fine sentiment!—Utilitarians  
Can't admit such false maxims on any pretence,  
With Maculloch, and Mill, so completely at variance;—  
All sense is Utility!—give me the pence!**

**Saving only to painters, and poets, and dreamers,  
Your rocks are a nuisance that every one blames;  
Say—what were your rivers, deprived of our steamers?  
And what is your ocean, compared with our Thames?**

Sweet, sweet bloom our bowpots, in balconies blowing !  
 Resplendent is Holborn, with bright gaslights starred !  
 Oh ! dear is Cheapside, with its human tide flowing,  
 And pensive the poplars in Monument-yard !

How soothing the hum of the busy crowd swarming,  
 Harmonious on Sunday the cry of "mack'rel !"  
 With its musical falls, and its cadences—charming,  
 And touching the tone of the deep dustman's bell !

What have you that we have not, sad sentimentalist ?  
 We've Short's-gardens, Field-lane--aye, and Green-yards to range,  
 And compare all the creatures, of which you have sent a list,  
 With our grasshopper gilt, on the Royal Exchange.

But what are your roses and lilies, so sickly,  
 Your ague-ish fountains, that cracked poets love—  
 Your quivering aspens, and furze-bushes prickly,  
 Say, chopstick philosopher ! what do they *prove* ?

Cease, then, somnambulist, cease your monotony !  
 'Twere pity, perchance, from your dreams to disturb ye !  
 Still dose in your cottage, and stick to your botany !  
 Leave me at peace in my own *rus in urbe* !

*Penzance.*

H.

## HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

BY CAPTAIN CRAM, H. P. R. H. M.

I DETEST popping at partridges, and should consider it a disgrace to gallop after even the most stinking fox that ever was cubbed : let it stink ever so attractively to the sense of a British sportsman, it has no charms for me. No ; I have been accustomed to a more extensive field ; I have hunted elephants and bagged buffaloes ; my taste, therefore, for such "small deer" as Britain boasts, has dwindled into contempt. Time was, however, when I was a great man in the "small way." Few could boast of more extraordinary leaps ; and as to bagging game—it is no use to mince the matter—I was a devil of a shot ! I could relate some anecdotes of sporting in those days which would amuse as well as astonish you,—but my object is now to be serious.

During my experience in foreign countries I have been taught the fallacy of many received rules in sporting, which are here followed with implicit faith. As a sincere and general reformer I wish much to alter all these, although I anticipate the difficulty ; for England is so wedded to prejudices and old customs, that it is lucky for us our forefathers did not practise walking upon their heads in a general way, or

we should certainly have contended for the propriety of it. However, I think the advantage of adopting my new rules will be so self-evident, that the most bigoted Tory sportsman will hardly refuse to conform. In the first place, then, contrary to the received maxim—

RULE 1.—*Always load your gun when on the cock*, by which you lose no time in bringing your piece to your shoulder, a great advantage; and if you possess common caution, you run no risk of blowing your head off while ramming down your charge.

RULE 2.—*When a covey gets up, always fire bang into the middle of it*.—It is all nonsense about singling out a particular bird; take my word, it is easier to miss one bird than to miss a dozen.

RULE 3.—*When you are very desirous of game, instead of shot, fire your ramrod*.—By this plan you may spit three brace at one shot. I have known it done.

RULE 4.—*When you scramble through a hedge, by all means let your gun be at the full cock*.—Caution should be the characteristic of a good sportsman; if you shoot your friend, you will be cautious for life.

RULE 5.—*If a single bird gets up on your friend's side, shoot at it by all means*.—The old system is only to fire at those on your own side, which I hold to be a losing game; for if your friend brings down his bird, *he bags it*; whereas, if you fire also, you have the benefit of the doubt, which is settled by tossing up. Never mind the old gag of it being unfair—the *ardour* of a sportsman is a good excuse.

RULE 6.—*When you meet with a hare on her form, kill it if you can*.—It is all stuff about being *unsportsmanlike*—don't attend to such rubbish. My advice is, *fill your bag*.

RULE 7.—*Never brag of being a good shot*. Hold this as a maxim; if, for example, you have leave to shoot over a gentleman's grounds, and are successful, which you are pretty sure to be, if you follow my rules, and are anything of a shot, send your man home with the game, then call at the house and leave a brace of birds, being the *whole contents of your bag*—you will be condoled with, and have unlimited leave to shoot.

RULE 8.—*When you enter a field, holloa and bawl as loud as you can*. It will save you much trouble, for you will see at once whether there are any birds there.

RULE 9.—*Always train your dog to chop his bird from each covey*. With a good brace of dogs, so trained, and a double-barrelled gun, I would bag more game than any man in England.

RULE 10.—*Choose your dogs of the highest possible courage*. By this precaution you can gratify yourself by thrashing your dog whenever you miss, without fear of spoiling him.

RULE 11.—*The instant a pheasant rises blaze away at him*. My reason for this innovation, is, that if you miss, you will have time to pitch your hat at him.

RULE 12.—*Never omit to prime your piece*; this is a most important point, and involves consequences not at first apparent. I once remember, in ancient days, to have accompanied two gentlemen from the land of Cockaine, on a shooting excursion; one was the head clerk at Cox and Greenwood's, the army agents, and the other belonged to Dolan's house, the army tailor. They were both pupils of



mine, though from want of practice they had made but indifferent progress. Well, up got a fine cock pheasant, and, according to my system, both pieces were levelled, and down came the bird, though, I verily believe, such was the eagerness of both sportsmen to have the start, that neither had time to bring his gun to his shoulder. Then came on the dispute; the tailor swore he covered the bird, while the other declared he could tell the spot where he touched him. It was referred to me, and without tossing up, I gave it against the tailor. The fact was that I did not carry a gun that day, thinking I should have enough to do to take care of myself, which, indeed, the sequel proved, for I went home minus the skirt of my coat; I was, therefore, the better enabled to watch the proceedings. The tailor demurred at my promptness, and proposed the toss; I, however, referred him to the pan of his piece, which, on examination, he found he had forgotten to prime! He lost his chance of his friends bird: therefore, I would say, however you manage about the charge, *never forget the priming.*

I could illustrate my rules by examples; but I intend publishing a few sporting reminiscences soon, in which I shall embody them. Till when, I should advise you to study what I have laid down. Before the season closes you will have plenty of time for practice, and any inquiries touching what I have said, the Editor of the "*Monthly*" will be good enough to forward to me. My dear brother sportsmen, believe me to be your friend,

CRAM.



HEAD CLERK AT Cocks AND GREENWOOD'S.

## TO IZONIA.

FAIR girl—farewell! and with that word receive

All—all a heart, like mine by sorrow torn,  
Can wish to thee! Think on me ever—not to grieve

That I am tortured with a hope forlorn—

But that, by thine example led, my soul will smile

Serenely on the fate that bids us part,

And tell me in my solitude the while,

That still my memory lives within thy heart—

That pure and secret sanctuary—free

From the intrusive world's malignant eye,

To which my troubled spirit still would flee,

To woo the solace of thy gentle sigh.

Ye powers of fancy, than can still display,

To meditation's rapt and loving hour,

The living charm of beauty far away—

Oh! cheer my musings in my leafless bower;

Pour on mine ear the accents of her tongue,

The airy likeness of her form reveal,

With bright deceit refresh a heart unstrung,

And o'er my charmed sense illusive steal.

Izonias! idol of a wayward breast!

Will not the fountain of thine own repay

The fitful anguish of my broken rest,

The waning hope of each desponding day?

Lost and forsaken as my lot may seem,

I fondly woo illusion's spell, to chase

Despair and sorrow from a feverish dream,

And help inventive fancy still to trace

Tears on thy cheek—within thy pensive mind

A softened thought of all I wished to be—

A chastened captive to thy breast confined,

A soul reclaimed, and yet allured by thee.

But if a kindlier destiny should wave

One wandering ray across its cold eclipse,

And give me once again the joy it gave,

The sunny smile, the music of thy lips,

Thy young heart's gladness mantling on thy brow—

Oh! let me find thy breast the same pure shrine!

Oh! may I meet thee, as I leave thee now,

Free from all bonds—though never, never, mine.

Misgiving fear! should sterner fate ordain

A long, a last farewell—should that cold doom

That withers hope and love, and staunches pain,

Decree my anxious heart a distant tomb,

Remember me! believe that, fondly true,

Receding life was hallowed as it passed;

Affection perished—still adoring you—

And breathed its prayer—the holiest, as the last!

## THE PHENOMENA OF MAGNETISM.

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IN the year 1778, Mesmer, a German physician, who had already published some fanciful opinions, broached the doctrine of the power of magnetism over the living body. Not finding his ideas to meet with that support in his native country to which he conceived they were entitled, he repaired to Paris, then considered the centre of science and civilization, boldly relying upon the confidence of his assertions, and the credulity of the inhabitants of the French metropolis. Nor was his audacity disappointed; for he had no sooner declared his pretensions, than he met with some zealous adherents, if not among the most eminent men of letters, at least among some who possessed so much reputation as to produce a great effect upon the public mind. The object which Mesmer professed was to cure diseases of various kinds, by a certain application of magnetism to the human body; or by exciting the magnetic influence which previously existed in it, although in a latent or insensible state. After he had resided about a year in France, he published an account of his new system. Some of the leading positions are as follows:—Magnetism is a fluid of the greatest tensity, so as to approach to an immaterial or ethereal nature, which pervades all the universe, and fills all the pores or vacancies that are not occupied by grosser matter. It is supposed to be the primary cause of many of the active properties that we observe in the universe, and especially to communicate to them the original impulses of motion and sensation. The human body is capable of receiving the magnetic influence, and the nerves appear to be the media by which it is transmitted through the different organs. This animal magnetism, when excited or liberated, is capable of being communicated from one body to another, and accumulated in them, analogous to what we observe with respect to the electric fluid. It has, however, many peculiarities in which it differs from this agent; of which one of the most remarkable is, that it may be transported to a considerable distance without the intervention of any other substance; and it has, also, the peculiarity of affecting certain individuals alone, while it has no perceptible effect upon others, a difference of constitution which can only be ascertained by actual experiment. But the most important property of animal magnetism is its power in curing diseases, which it possesses in a degree that could not have been previously conceived, but of the actual existence of which we have the most undoubted evidence: its operation upon the body being through the medium of the nervous system, it follows that what we usually style nervous diseases are those that come more immediately under its influence. In proof of his hypothesis, and of the power of magnetism over the human body, Mesmer and his adherents confidently appealed to their success in the cure of diseases; and so great did this appear, and so unquestionable was the evidence on which it seemed to be founded, that for some time scarcely any opposition was made to it, and it was regarded as the most unreasonable scepticism to doubt of its reality.

Mesmer, whether we consider him as an impostor or an enthusiast—a point which is now, perhaps, not very easy to determine—did not lose the opportunity which was offered him of improving his fortune; so that, in the short space of two years, he accumulated a very large property. It was, perhaps, more to this circumstance than to the pure love of truth, or a genuine zeal for science, that we are indebted for the investigation which took place into the merits of the new practice. The established faculty of Paris, finding themselves completely eclipsed by this foreign empiric, made a remonstrance on the subject to the Court; and this application fortunately produced the appointment of a set of eight Commissioners, of whom the most effective were five members of the Academy of Sciences, Bailly—Le Noy, De Boey, Lavoiner, and Franklin. This last philosopher took the lead in the inquiry, for which he was peculiarly adapted, by his acute and powerful understanding; and to him, in conjunction with his colleagues, we are indebted for one of the most valuable specimens of scientific research that is to be met with in the history of philosophy. We cannot, at present, enter into this most interesting report, which we may, however, be tempted to refer to upon another occasion; but the address drawn up by Franklin concludes with the following just reflections:—"Man possesses the power of acting upon his fellow-creatures, of agitating their nerves, and of even throwing them into convulsions; but this action is not to be considered as of a physical nature. We cannot perceive that it depends upon any communicated fluid; but it appears to be entirely of a moral nature, and to operate through the medium of the imagination. It is an action which is almost always productive of dangerous consequences, which can never be admitted into philosophy, and which it is useful to be acquainted with, merely for the purpose of being able to guard against its effects. Magnetism will not, however, be without its advantages to that philosophy which condemns it, as it furnishes us with an additional fact in the history of the errors of the human mind, and exhibits a most interesting example of the powers of the imagination."

The great supporters of animal magnetism have recently been Kieser in Jena, and Wolfart in Berlin; the former explains the phenomena by the striking difference between life by day and life by night, both in the case of animals and vegetables—the latter adopts the mysticism of Mesmer. In 1820 the Prussian Government caused a prize to be offered for the best treatise on the subject, but it was subsequently withdrawn. In Germany, a country so fertile in mysticism, both physical and metaphysical, animal magnetism has still its adherents, and these not merely among the vulgar, but even among men of learning. In some of the German universities, so renowned for their indefatigable research and profound erudition, animal magnetism takes its place with the other sciences, and has its professors and lecturers; journals are devoted to recording the cures that are performed by it, and the cures stand upon the same evidence, and are received with the same degree of confidence with other medical facts. The following extracts from letters written by the Marquis de Puysegur, a conscientious believer in Mesmerism, are



extremely curious. The translator was acquainted in Paris with this gentleman, and the following is a brief sketch of this staunch adherent to the doctrines of Mesmer:—

Armand de Chastenet, Marquis de Puységur, was a General of Artillery, before the Revolution; he was born in 1752—is the grandson of a marshal of France. His extensive knowledge, amiable manners, and strict probity caused him to be beloved by the whole army. He served at the siege of Gibraltar, where he distinguished himself, and was particularly noticed by the Comte d'Artois (Charles X.), who gave him the command of the regiment of Strasburg. He was kept two years in prison at Soissons, during the reign of terror, and had a narrow escape from the guillotine. In 1799 he was appointed Mayor of Soissons, and in this situation he rendered immense services to the poorer class of the inhabitants. In 1805 he returned to his estate of Busancy, and has, until 1816, devoted his time to the pursuit of his favourite study, Mesmerism. The public papers have continually mentioned the extraordinary cures effected by him on numerous patients. He is the author of a great number of scientific works.

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I.

*Au Château de Busancy, near Soissons, 8th May, 1784,*

WHILE pleading the cause of Animal Magnetism, I am merely pleading that of its celebrated discoverer; and if I attempt to impart a few notions upon the subject you will easily perceive how enthusiastically devoted I am to Mr. Mesmer.

I do not pretend giving you the theory of *Animal Magnetism*, nor enter into a discussion respecting its analogy with the whole system of the world—Mr. Mesmer alone can undertake so great a task; I merely wish to inform you what method I pursue to cure maladies, and to relate a few surprising and unexpected effects produced by a science which the world is now beginning to appreciate.

I can scarcely flatter myself that I am sufficiently enlightened not to make some slight errors in entering into this brief explanation; the inferences that I draw from facts may be called in question, and even refuted, for aught I know, but you may place *implicit reliance* upon my averments respecting the cures that have been performed—I am incapable, as all who know me can testify, of uttering a falsehood.

My firm belief is, that there exists an *universal fluid* vivifying the whole world, and that this is not an ancient error, but an ancient truth which ignorance has caused to be rejected. My opinion is, that this fluid is continually moving about the universe, and that this fact is now upon the point of being credited. The only *palpable* idea we have hitherto had respecting the motion of this fluid, is that which electricity has given us. Mineral magnetism had also given us an idea, less *palpable*, but more positive; for how can a magnetized needle, a body without motion, be moved by any other power from its place. I am convinced that medical men, by making use of these two discoveries for the relief of the sick, have evinced their ignorance respecting the cause of these phenomena.

Animal magnetism now gives us a convincing proof of the existence of an universal fluid continually in motion, and presents to mankind the certain means of curing all the maladies from which we suffer.

If we admit that this universal fluid is spread through all nature, we may

thus be able to understand the phenomenon of rotatory movement ascribed to the planetary system.

The earth, as well as all the other celestial bodies, are continually revolving in the midst of this fluid, and this perpetual rotation produces an effect analogous to electric motion. As no angle (*pointe*) ever disturbs this continual motion, the consequence is that the universe is absolutely charged and saturated with the fluid.—*Cætera desunt.*

(Signed) LE MARQUIS DE PUYSEGUR.

## II.

### Busancy.

I HASTEN to communicate to you the result of a number of experiments I have recently been performing at this place. I am so agitated with pleasure, so filled with enthusiasm, that I feel I require some tranquillity of body and mind, and this will be promoted in communicating my thoughts to one who can understand me. I hope that by my exertions, and by those of others who occupy themselves in the study of animal magnetism, we shall at length succeed in tranquillizing the feelings of every individual, and destroying the scepticism that still exists upon this subject.

After residing ten days at this place, having laid aside all mental occupations, and only amusing myself with horticultural pursuits, I paid a visit to my bailiff. His daughter was suffering extreme pain from the tooth-ache; I asked her in a jocose manner whether she would like to be cured. You may easily suppose that she answered in the affirmative. I immediately magnetized her, and in less than ten minutes she was perfectly free from pain, and has not since had any attack.

My gamekeeper's wife was, on the following day, relieved from a similar pain, and by the same means, in as short a space of time.

This success emboldened me to proceed with my experiments, and I called upon a peasant, a man about twenty-three years of age, who had been confined to his bed for four days, in consequence of an attack of pleurisy, accompanied with spitting of blood; this was last Tuesday, the fourth of this month, at eight o'clock in the evening: his fever had in some degree subsided. I desired him to get out of bed, and I magnetized him. My surprise was extreme on beholding this man fall gently asleep in my arms within about a quarter of an hour, without any convulsive movement. I continued the *crisis*, which produced vertigo; he began to talk, and spoke about his affairs. When I perceived that his ideas appeared to affect him in a disagreeable way, I endeavoured to divert them to a more pleasing subject, and to produce the effect no great efforts were required on my part; he then began to evince great delight, fancying that he was shooting for a prize, dancing at a ball, &c. &c. At the expiration of two days he was completely restored to health.

The cure I had effected in this case induced other peasants to call at the château to consult me about their complaints. In order to relieve these poor people in a simultaneous manner, and to save great exertions on my part, I came to the resolution of magnetizing a tree, according to the plan laid down by Mr. Mesmer; and after attaching a rope to it, I tried its effects upon my patients, and last night I made the experiment for the first time. I sent for the first patient, and as soon as the rope had been put round him, he looked up at the tree, and exclaimed, with an air of astonishment, which I cannot describe, "What do I see yonder!" He then bent his head and entered into a state of perfect somnambulism. At the expiration of an hour I conducted him to his house, when I restored him the use of his senses. Several persons told him what had happened, but he maintained that they were imposing upon him, that in the weak state to which he had been reduced,

scarcely being able to move about his bed-room, it was ridiculous to suppose that he could walk down stairs and proceed to the tree near the fountain. I desired these inquisitive people not to disturb him with questions, and this day I repeated the operation with the same success.

A female, twenty-six years of age, residing at a short distance from my château, had been labouring for nine months under an attack of fever, pains in her loins and chest; she came to see me while I was at the house of the patient of whom I have been speaking, and as she expressed great confidence in my power, I led her to the tree. I encircled her and the other patient with the rope, and she received immediate relief, all her disorders having left her with the exception of the fever. I acknowledge to you, my friends, that my head almost turns with the delight I experience in witnessing the benefits my tenants and neighbours are receiving.

Madame de P., all the company who are residing at her château, and my servants, are in ecstasies of admiration, which I am unable to describe, and I can assure you that they do not feel half the satisfaction I experience. If I had not had recourse to my tree, which enables me to get some rest, I should be in a continual agitation. I believe that my health is improved (*je crois à l'harmonie de ma santé*). I have too much existence, if I may be allowed to make use of such an expression.—*Cætera desunt*.

LE MARQUIS DE PUYSEGUR.

### III.

Busancy, 17th May, 1784.

If you do not arrive here, my dear brother, before Sunday next, you will not have an opportunity of seeing my extraordinary patient, as his health is nearly re-established, and he is able to attend to his affairs. He told me, however, while in the *crisis*, that he would again require to be *touched*, and indicated the days, which are Thursday, Saturday, and Monday, for the last time; he added, that my task was a difficult one, but, that in order to succeed, it was absolutely necessary to *touch* him.

I continue to make use of the power which I have acquired through Mr. Mesmer, and I daily offer up my prayers to Heaven for his happiness, for I am of immense service to my sick neighbours; they flock in great numbers around my tree, and this morning there had assembled around it as many as a hundred and thirty. It is a continual procession throughout the country; they crowd around my tree, and I spend two hours near it every morning. My tree is the best *baquet*\* possible; every leaf communicates health—every individual experiences, more or less, beneficial effects from it, and you would be delighted in witnessing these wonders. I have but one regret, and that is, I cannot touch every body; but my *patient*, or rather he from whom my acquired knowledge proceeds, tranquillizes me with respect to the conduct I am to pursue; according to him, it is not necessary that I should *touch* every one—a *look*, a *motion*, a *wish* is sufficient; and it is an ignorant peasant who teaches me that. When he is in a *crisis*, I do not know any body more *profound*, more *prudent*, and more *circumspect*. There are several other men and women who approach in some degree to his state, but none can be compared with him; and this is a painful reflection, for next Tuesday I must bid farewell to my council, as this man will not require being *touched* any more, and I shall not be prevailed upon, through motives of pure curiosity, to make use of him, except to cure him and do him good. If you wish to see and hear him, do not fail arriving here, at latest, on Sunday.

Adieu! my dear brother: I invite you, in the most pressing manner, to come and participate my pleasure; when you will have seen all these worthy

\* A kind of trough, around which those who were magnetized were obliged to sit.



people around my tree, filled with confidence and delight, pouring forth prayers for my welfare, you will, I am persuaded, experience the highest satisfaction.

LE MARQUIS DE PUYSEGUR.

Another extract.—The Marquis continues to speak of Victor, the extraordinary patient, whom he mentions in his last letter:—

#### IV.

It is with this simple peasant, a tall, robust man, twenty-three years old, at present in a state of weakness, caused by indisposition, or rather by affliction, and on that very account more easily susceptible of being moved by nature's agent—it is through this man, I say, that I receive instruction. When he is in a magnetic state he is no longer a silly peasant, scarcely able to express himself in common language, but he becomes a being I am quite unable to describe. There is no necessity for my speaking to him; I think in his presence, and he comprehends and answers me. Should any one enter his room—he sees him, if such be *my will*; he speaks to him, and says what I wish him to say, not always in the way I dictate to him, but in the way that truth requires. You will easily understand that this poor man is penetrated with gratitude for the attentions paid to him by Madame P——, and by me; he would not venture to express his feelings when in his usual state, but the moment he enters into a magnetic crisis, his mind becomes expanded; he then wishes that his very interior might be seen, and it would become manifest how much gratitude he feels towards his benefactors. We are absolutely moved to tears on hearing the voice of nature expressing itself with candour: it affords me such infinite pleasure that I frequently leave him in that state longer, perhaps, than is necessary for the benefit of his health.

In order not to tire your patience, you must know that this poor man has a cause of great vexation, in consequence of the ill-treatment he experiences from a sister at whose house he is residing, and who wishes to get possession of a sum of money bequeathed to him by his mother. This woman is the vilest creature in the country, and she teazes him from morn till night. I have learnt all these particulars from himself, without his recollecting any thing about the circumstance. I endeavoured to offer him consolation, by promising to attend to his affairs, and to do every thing in my power to prevent him suffering from his sister's injustice. This morning a woman came in just as I had commenced magnetizing him: I wished him to know that the woman was present, and that she entertained a feeling of friendship towards him. He then addressed her: "Good morning, Angélique; may I ask you to do me a favour?"—"With great pleasure."—(I requested this woman to answer him just as she would have done, if he had been in his natural state).—"The Marquis," continued Victor, "has been extremely kind to me, he visits me, and takes care of my health; he must know that I am suffering under great affliction and I trust that he will relieve me. Do you know, Angélique, that my sister is the cause of all my misery?"—"Only take patience, and every thing will be settled in a comfortable manner."—"Now, I wish you to deliver something to the Marquis; will you undertake to place it in his hands? I should never think of taking so great a liberty myself."—"What is it?"—"You will find in the cupboard, in such a drawer, a bundle of papers of such a shape; it is a lease of this house, which my mother gave to me a short time before her death, in order to reward me for the care I had taken of her in her old age."—Angélique having looked in the cupboard finds the document mentioned, and showing it to Victor, asks him if that is what he wishes to give me (you must remark that his eyes continued closed during this conversation, and I took care to keep him in the crisis in order not to fatigue his eyes), he replied, "That is the parchment;" he then par-



ticularly enjoined her to keep the secret from her sister, who would certainly have burnt this deed, had she known it was in his possession, and again requests her to place it within my hands. I took the deed from the hand of this woman, and I had no sooner obtained possession of it and put it into my pocket, when the countenance of my patient was lighted up with animation and delight. I went out a few minutes afterwards, taking the usual precautions, and I have not yet told him what he has done.\*

I will not add any reflections concerning the fact I have just communicated; they must naturally crowd upon your mind. Here is an individual *compelled* to give me a deed, the most valuable article of which he is possessed, and that because *I wished, with all my soul*, to render him happy: he procured the means to enable me to effect this, as you must know that, according to the terms of the deed, the person holding possession of it, becomes the guardian of the old woman's son. I do not know whether it is possible to *desire to do evil* as well as to do good, in a similar circumstance; should that be the case, how much misery would arise from the power of animal magnetism, if made use of by wicked persons! I have not yet been able to solve this question, namely, whether one can wish *evil* to ensue, as well as *good*: My uneasiness has been considerably increased upon this subject in consequence of the remarks made by those persons who have witnessed the above-mentioned fact. The greatest misfortunes, they assert, may spring from the power obtained through Animal Magnetism over the minds of rich persons. A villain may, they add, penetrate into the secrets of families, abuse the confidence of his friends, and revenge himself with impunity. My only answer is—that I was incapable of solving this problem *myself*, for it is impossible, said I, to wish *evil* and *good* at the same time. If I wish to obtain information by putting indiscreet questions, my conscience tells me I am doing wrong, and the answers that would then be returned, would not bring me to a satisfactory conclusion. All I could do was to ask my patients (in a state of magnetic crisis) what they thought upon this subject, and all of them assured me, that when in this state they retained their full reason and power of discrimination, and that they would soon perceive any *bad intentions*; that their health would immediately suffer, and that they would awake at the very moment. I cannot, however, place much confidence in the solution of this difficulty, and unless I am borne out in my conjectures by experiments made by other persons, I shall continue to feel great uneasiness as to the abuse that may be made of the most wonderful and useful science that ever existed.

However, it will be with this, as with *Gunpowder*, which in the hands of villains is used for every base purpose, but in the hands of good men is only employed for beneficial effects. There is, moreover, this advantage in Animal Magnetism; a person cannot be taken by surprise: you cannot be magnetized *against your will*, and the confidence placed in the man who magnetizes must always be a preliminary to the relief he is to experience.

LE MARQUIS DE PUYSEGUR.

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\* It was only on the following day that, finding him worse than before, and extremely low spirited, and as he told me that his sorrow arose from the uneasiness he experienced concerning the deed, and that he had been looking for it during the whole day, I informed him in what manner he had disposed of it: he felt great pleasure on learning this circumstance, and having again been magnetized for two hours, he is now quite well again.

## AN AUTHOR'S RENT-DAY.

My lodging is not in the most fashionable part of town, as it approximates much more closely to Fleet Street, than Mr. Croker would deem desirable; yet I have a partiality for it, because it was in it that I located on my first arrival from the country; and it is, moreover, in the neighbourhood of some chosen friends, who, after evidencing their capabilities in truly English fashion, by a quarterly display of their appetites, had been deemed worthy to be permitted to advocate and defend his Majesty's lieges. My landlady, from long intimacy, has for many years regarded me as a familiar, and has frequently made me the depository of her confidence. On the occasion of the stay I am speaking of, she had been complaining to me of the pecuniary irregularities of one of her lodgers, a young gentleman, who had adventured upon the perilous trade of authorship, and who seemed to be sharing plentifully the most usual earnings of his calling.

"Seven weeks' rent of that handsome airy attic due, Sir," said Mrs. Jones, "and nothing but promises, for he's mighty fair spoken; but fine words don't butter no bread, you know, Sir, as my old man, poor dear soul, used to say. T'other day, that's a week ago, says he to me, says he, 'Mrs. Jones, I expects daily to see a relation, what will put me in a way to settle with you;' and more nor that, says he, 'Mrs. Jones, I've just got a play nigh ready, as is to be acted at Drury Lane, and I expects a hundred pounds for it;' and then you know, Sir, when this here hundred pounds comes, I'm to be paid, supposing this here relation don't give him the money? But I an't got much faith in any thing as depends on the players."

"Well, but, Mrs. Jones," I said "this young gentleman is very young, and money you know, is very scarce in all quarters; his representations, probably, are true, and yet he may be pushed for cash; in the mean time—I am sure it is not your disposition to be harsh with any body—suppose you try another week, and see what patience will do."

"Ah!" replied Mrs. Jones, "that's exactly what he says; but, as I said afore, you know, Sir, 'Patience don't butter no bread no more nor fair words does,' as my poor old man used to say; but howsomever, Sir, as you advises it, I'll wait another week; it an't in my nature to hurt nobody; but then I'm a lone widdy 'oman, and I don't like to be taken advantage of."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Jones," I said; "but, however, you'll see what the next week will do, and, I hope, it will favour both you and the young gentleman."

"Well, Sir," answered Mrs. Jones; "I'll tell him in the morning, as I'll wait another week, and no longer—nor I won't, neither, Sir;" and after taking a thimble-full of whiskey, the old lady left me, happy to think that I had won a respite for my fellow-lodger.

In the morning Mrs. Jones informed me that she had intimated to her attic friend the determination she had come to, and I heard no more of the affair until a week afterwards. I had been out late, and came in about five in the morning. As I was entering my bed-room,

the old lady accosted me in great haste, and in a deshabelle that would hardly have become one of her sex of less holy years, and told me in manifest trepidation that her lodger above had been stirring all night, and that from some words spoken to himself, but overheard by her, she thought it was his intention to *bolt*, as she elegantly expressed it.

"Eight weeks, Sir; two pounds sixteen, besides four and three-pence for postages, seven shillings for firing, and three-and-sixpence for cleaning o' shoes; altogether three-pun-ten and ninepence. As I'm an honest 'oman," said Mrs. Jones, "I can't afford it, Sir—I can't—indeed, Mister."

"But," I said, "you have only to look sharp after the door."

"Ah, but then them ere rumpuses, I can't abear 'em; think o' the other lodgers, Sir. There—there he goes again—I knows he's arter summat. Just come up, Sir; you know Sir," she added, in a coaxing protection-seeking tone—"you know, Sir, there an't nobody as I can ax assistance on but you." There was no resisting this appeal to my chivalry, and so I followed my fair guide to the landing-place of the fourth story, when she disposed me and herself so that we could overhear a portion, at least, of what passed in the room occupied by her defaulter. We had not long remained thus sentinelled, when we heard the youth exclaim—

"Yes! I must try my uncle!"

"There's a villain!" cried Mrs. Jones, whom I could scarcely restrain—"I knowed it—he's going to pledge my property, he's got none himself but an ink-bottle." I motioned her imperatively to be silent, and he continued:

"These sheets will surely bring me something?"

"A pair o' my best Russia—the swindler!" observed Mrs. J. in agony; "only think o' that, Sir, I'll never give them chaps in the garrets anything nor calico again."

"But how to proceed," cried the lodger; "the pillows have been too often used—they are common;—no, the blankets are the thing."

"Real Whitney!" exclaimed my companion, horror-struck—"cost me five-and-forty shillings last Midsummer was a twelvemonth, as I'm a living 'oman!"

"And then I must manage the sacking!" continued the author.

"Lord Almighty!" cried the old lady, "he's going to pledge sacking and all."

"If I should succeed," he continued, "it's three to one."

"Ah, three to one, indeed," said Mrs. Jones, "to me; but we'll take care he don't get 'em to that shop, howsumever." Here some words, spoken in a lower tone, escaped us; the next we heard was—

"But how to manage the escape!—ay, the window—the window—they can go through the window, and be received below, and so borne off in safety."

"Oh, the infernal robber!" groaned Mrs. Jones; "my Whitney blankets and Russia sheets to be pitched out o' window, like so much rubbishing books; but I'll have all them 'ere garret windows nailed down arter this."

M. M. No. 96. 4 T



"It's resolved," said the youth, "I shall have a run; and then how I'll astonish Mother Jones!"

"Mother Jones! indeed," said mine hostess, indignantly, "Mother Jones!—but Mother Jones will put a stop to your run, young gentleman." The soliloquy ceased—we listened, and heard the window thrown up.—"There goes my goods into the yard," said the old lady; "but he shall take a voyage for it, the rascal; I'll teach him to call me, Mother Jones, and chuck my Whitney blankets into the mud!" A rustling noise was heard, and my landlady, in a guise that would have become a great grandmama bacchante, rushed forward, as her lodger, opening his door, exultingly exclaimed, "And now I'm off!"

"No you a'nt, tho'—no you a'nt!" she vociferated, catching him fast in an embrace, that her prisoner would have pitched himself from his window to obtain from one of the sex gifted with an inverse ratio of temptation.—"Where's my rent, mister? and where's my bedding? them ere good Russia sheets, and Whitney blankets!—Oh, you willain! you willain!"

"Your sheets and blankets!" cried the youngster, evidently taken aback, and endeavouring to escape from her bear-like hug.—"What do you mean, woman? let me go."

"Not till I gets my property," said Mrs. Jones,

"If you mean your rent," answered her prisoner, "I promise you——"

"Ah, I've had promises enough," replied the inexorable dame; "where's my property, you willain?"

"Damn your property; let me go," rejoined the lodger, as he shook her off. I then made my appearance—"I'm happy to see a reasonable being," said the young gentleman, as he approached me; "pray, can you explain to me, what is meant by this strange conduct?"

"Why, sir," I said, after quieting Mrs. Jones, "this good lady has some idea, not altogether unwarranted, it seems, that you were about to leave her house, and in company with her bedding."

"To leave her house, and in company with her bedding!" he said, in evident amazement, "I don't understand you, sir—I certainly was about to go out, as she knows I always do at this time; but what, for God's sake, was I to do with her bedding?"

"Do with it!" cried Mr. Jones, "why, what did we hear you just now say about your uncle? eh! what, you're diskivered, are you?"

"My uncle! why, I believe, I said I should apply to him, to enable me to satisfy you."

"Oh, then, you confesses it!" said Mrs. Jones, "didn't you say, sir, as my sheets would fetch sommat?"

"Good God! is it possible," cried the young man, "that you can suppose I meant to rob you of your sheets? I meant my own sheets, the sheets of the work I am engaged on."

"Oh! ah, I dare say," answered she; "but we knows the work you was engaged on—didn't you say you'd take the blankets, 'cause the pillows were too much used? I knows they warn't new; but they



was too good for such varmint as you." The young man burst into an immoderate fit of laughing.

"I did say so," said he; "I meant to have smothered my heroine with the pillows; but recollecting Shakspeare had used them in two plays, I chose the blankets."

"That won't do, mister," answered the unpoetical fair; "didn't we hear you say you'd do summat with the sacking?"

"Why, damn it, woman, my play ends with the sacking of a town!"

"Ah, I an't no doubt as you'd take the sacking of all the town; if you could get it; and didn't you say, you'd have a run for it; and astonish Mother Jones?—There, sir!"

"Confound your stupidity!" he answered; "I meant my piece would have a run; in which case I should have astonished you, by paying you your bill."

"Don't believe a word of it, as I'm a living 'oman—where's my property?" she cried, rushing into the room; when, to her surprise, she found sheets, blankets, and sacking in *statu quo*. I now saw the absurd mistake; and having appeased the old woman *pro tempore*, I tendered to my new acquaintance an explanation and apology for her, which were received in good part; and I commenced a friendship with an amiable and talented man that has lasted now some years; and often, when we while away a winter's evening, under the very roof beneath which this occurred, we laugh over our toddy, as we drink success to Mother Jones, and safety to her sacking.

#### A FEW CHIRPS FROM THE GRESHAM GRASSHOPPER.

"Some meet about affairs

Of consequence and profit, bargain, sale,  
And to confer with chapmen: some for pleasure,  
To match their horses, wager on their dogs,  
Or try their hawks; some to no other end  
But only to meet good company, discourse,  
Dine, drink, and spend their money."

HEYWOOD'S *English Traveller*.

COME hither, curious reader, take thy stand with me; I will quit my pinnacle for once, and be thy *cicerone* through this golgotha. Let us place ourselves where thou seest yon time-killer spelling over the play-bills of the day, under the southern arch entrance to the Royal Exchange. I will use my experience before thy eyes, and bring two or three of these creatures in review before thee. We will pass an hour in the heart of the busiest haunts, where Mammon sits enthroned in tyrannic state, and deals out favours to those who grovel round his footstool in willing, though degraded, homage. I like to watch the countenances of the various votaries thronging round the throne of their idol. There they go—there they go! Their whole hearts, hopes, wishes, powers, faculties, all—all cast upon the same object. From the petty dealer in the pettiest article of merchandize, to the

most important speculator in the greatest, all are alike—their pulses beat to the self-same time.

We must not confound business-men with men of business, for between the two there is a very wide distinction. The latter are a most useful and important race of men; the former are those who give up their whole faculties to the mere love of business, and the golden results which it brings in its train: men who cry "*cui bono*" to every thing out of their daily routine. I have seen a man of this kind persuaded to look at a fine picture or statue, or examine some splendid effort of human genius and invention. "Aha!" said he, "this must have been an expensive affair. Do you know how much it cost? Is it a marketable commodity? I know there is a great deal of humbug about pictures, and statues, and such like; for a friend of mine lost thirty per cent. upon some he was fool enough to speculate in when he yielded to the vagaries of his wife, in taking a trip to what is called the land of genius—Italy."

This is the sort of man who rises in the morning before the November fogs have mingled their dense masses with the London smoke, to perform his morning devotions over his ledger! who sits down to his hasty breakfast with a better appetite after a favourable statement of market-prices in the morning newspaper. One would imagine that such a man was born with a pen behind his ear, within a near view of the Gresham grasshopper: his early food must have had gold-dust mingled with it. If he was not born to this, surely he must have been bitten, in his younger days, by the fangs of a greedy plodder from t'other side of the Tweed. It is a monstrously infectious disease under which he labours, and no medicine can stem the torrent of it.

Mark that cadaverous, wizen-faced reptile, dressed in a suit of shabby black: you would not give him a pound for his whole wardrobe;—he rolls in wealth. For forty years he has sailed down the commercial stream, with cent. per cent. swelling his sails—hope has stowed his cargoes, and caution has swayed the helm. Observe his stealthy step—slow—steady,—fearful "lest the very stones should prate of his whereabouts." His eye is bent upon the earth—he needs no eyes to guide him—he moves mechanically to and from this, his daily haunt. He bends forward to the earth, as if the weight of his cargoes were upon his shoulders. He is a ticket-porter—a beast of burthen to his own schemes and fancies. He was made to bear great weights—he is a weighty man in his way. He looks like one of those before whom the uncertificated bankrupt might cringe in vain. Sooner would he give a drop of his heart's blood, or see the bankrupt's heart shed its last drop, than waste one drop of his ink in signing the necessary document of emancipation to the forlorn and broken trader. Happy for this man if he does not hear a widow's cry mingled with his death knell, and feel an orphan's tear mingled with the death-dew on his forehead at his last hour. That cry would sound keener than the loudest bell; that tear strike colder than the touch of death. That sallow cheek knows not the tender touch of fond emotion's tear tracing its channel downwards, drawn forth from the inward recesses of the heart:—his heart is dry. Thus has he lived—thus will he live; and when his bones shall be carried to their last

home will the mourning of his followers go deeper than the colour of the clothes they wear!

Yonder goes another: his eye wanders abroad; he distributes a nod to one, an how-d'yè-do to another; a shake by the hand to a third, which would be agreeable enough if the heart went with it, but even that he mimics so that many would be deceived. This man is a speculator, whose pulse beats to the tune of the present moment. He is not content with the dull, crooked, plodding ways of ordinary thrift, but breaks out into new channels, catches at new objects, devises new schemes. Like the devil, he is always busy stirring up a storm, and then proudly rides in the midst of it. He was in poverty and distress a week ago; to-day he is master of every thing. He rules the market in the commodity he buys; he will be a beggar next Saturday, and on Monday he will begin again, and play the golden ass once more. Look at him: his cheek is flushed, and his eye speaks of hope and expectation. When the 'Change bell has rung he will go and swallow his hasty dinner with a feverish appetite, and then, after seeing all his doings fairly registered in his diary, home he goes, and in the delusive dreams of to-morrow consumes those hours of repose in which the heart should beat tranquilly to acquire a renovated strength for the efforts of the day that is to come.

How different from these is that man now advancing with a broken, tremulous step; he has been the plodding business man all his days. He is the child of misfortune, the dupe of the designing; he has borne poverty's keen touch, and disappointment's destroying blow; still he clings to the delusive scene of all he has done and all he has been, in hopes, upon the fragment of credit which yet remains to build up something out of the wrecks of former years. Yet he goes on as if a spell followed him: he dreams of profits never to be realized, and sighs for riches, but finds still that their proverbial wings waft them from him. From day to day his mind wanders over these things, and the hard labours of his daily round are rewarded only by that slender pittance which barely keeps him from the bitterest ills of poverty. His hair is white with the frost of years. The night will, ere long, close over him; the thread of his long life will soon be spun; and not one record of happy feeling will be left upon the shore of his memory (unwashed by the briny waves of sorrow) to console him in his last days. I'll tell you a story touching pelf.

Yew-tree Lodge is a moderate-sized, square-built erection, standing in all the majesty of white plaster, within two dozen paces of the high road from London to Dover. I never could ascertain that it was celebrated for any thing before it became the residence of its present owner, Sir Crab Numberwell, knight and retired merchant—save the trees, whence it derived its name. The fantastical shapes, into which it had been cut, proved the unconscious cause of a re-christening—to wit, "The Dog and Duck!" and nothing could sooner arouse the irritability of the rich and respected citizen than to allude, even in the most indirect manner, to this appellation.



Although Yew-tree Lodge was situated within two miles of London-bridge, our knight could never be argued out of the persuasion that he lived in the country. And why should any one have attempted to banish the illusion? As he was pleased with the idea, why not let him enjoy his harmless fancy in peace and quietness? But in every neighbourhood there are occupationless spirits to be met with, who must needs intermeddle with what in no way concerns them, and lavish on an unfortunate neighbour such a share of attention as the forest-fly bestows on the generous steed. One or two of this class were domiciled near Yew-tree Lodge; and, while engaged in commercial pursuits, were the knight's most intimate friends. In fact, his country-house had been selected on account of its proximity to these very friends. And sorely did he now repent it. They joked the good man about his "dog and duck;" and he understood, not joking; they plagued him with ill-timed complaints; and, quizzing some of his intimates, would often fairly exhaust the small portion of forbearance wherewith he was gifted. A long career of prosperity magnifies the most trivial thwartings into unparalleled disappointments. Sir Crab, however, though often urged to a display of ungentle and uncourtly bearing, was so enamoured of the charms of divine poesy, that the muses frequently interposed a shield between his anger and its object. In short, though abominating authors, and all that class, he was an inveterate quoter.

Our retired merchant was blest with a wife, a son, and a daughter, in addition to his "plum." The lady-mother, once her lord and master's housemaid, was 'fat, fair,' and something more than 'forty;' and, to use Sir Crab's quotation, when once ruminating on the charms of his better half, she was

"A ton of flesh, with gold hoops bound,  
Just four feet high, and six feet round."

His son was a sickly youth, called Sensitive, much given to the muse, consequently considered by the father a lost young man; but his daughter was the hope of the family; the worthy citizen had negotiated a marriage for her that would set all Walworth in an uproar, and Newington Butts to boot. Here, then, is the family party assembled—Sir Crab, her Ladyship, and the two juniors.

But we will quit our friend Numberwell awhile, in favour of his daughter, the bright-eyed Fanny; wherefore it behoves us to lay before the inquiring reader a sketch of the bridegroom.

"Only conceive, now, what may be realized from a trifle by frugality and perseverance! When I set out in life—'tis fifty years ago—my whole fortune did not exceed two hundred pounds, a single suit of clothes, and sundry old hats and aged pairs of stockings. Add an 0 to the 200! even so, 2000!. Bless me! Well, that's something. Two thousand pounds, snugly deposited in this house; twenty thousand in the firm of Sterling and Co.; and eighty thousand secured on certain entailed estates—thanks to extravagance!—all safe—safe as the Bank of England. Well, that makes altogether 100,000!., with an odd two thousand over—the result of my own persevering industry, and the fictitious wants of others. Yes, yes, my



old friend Numberwell was in his right senses, when, to the exclusion of young Harrowby, he selected me for his intended son-in-law, though I have never heard anything against the prudence of Harrowby, I must say that. But then he is young; and, when we have youthful blood to deal with, there is no answering for contingencies. I lent Lord Creighton, the Duke of Nottingham's son, 5000*l.* this very morning. Yet the clear-sighted world esteems him a prudent young man! Ah, ah, ah!"

In this strain soliloquized the usurer Argent, a tall, gaunt personage, in his sixty-eighth year, with a quizzical, care-worn visage, peering from beneath a russity scratch wig, as great an antiquity as its owner; and very probably picked up—like that of old Elwes, out of a rut—the disdained and despised of a beggar. His clothes were of dark material, and seemed too large for him, and he wore a long spencer, which appeared to lie upon him by accident.

Such was the man, appointed by the paternal solicitude of Sir Crab to watch over and promote the happiness of a pretty girl of eighteen, with the endearing title of husband; and it was with the intention of "doing a little billing and cooing," that the day after he had enjoyed the pleasing reverie, just chronicled, he repaired, per coach, to the seat of his friend Numberwell; where, however, we will take the liberty of preceding him.

As the sun yet lingered on the tops of the highest neighbouring hills—Nunhead-hill, Dulwich-hill, and others—gilding their stately crests, with the glories of departing day, a travelling carriage drove up to Yew-tree Lodge; whence descended Wilmot Bolland—Sir Crab's nephew—and his friend, Clayton.

Heir to considerable wealth, there were not wanting rogues and sycophants enough to take advantage of youth. Prominent among these worthies stood forth Mr. Philip Clayton, by whose counsel, young Bolland, ruined by folly, plunged into crime. His fortune was anticipated; and, before twenty-five summers had passed over him, his ingenuity was his only portion. Returning to Paris, after a successful campaign in London, he called on his uncle, Sir Crab, with the intention of extracting, in one way or other, some of the contents of his strong box. But, although Sir Crab had not seen his nephew for years, he was well acquainted with his propensities and conduct; and was therefore hastening into the room, where he had been shown, with the determination of instantly dismissing the young reprobate from his house, as his friend Argent made his usual unceremonious *entrée*.

"What can have brought Lord Creighton here?" asked the usurer, the moment he perceived Sir Crab. "I knew not you were acquainted with him."

"Lord Creighton! there's no Lord Creighton here."

"No Lord Creighton here! I saw him enter but now. Perhaps, however, his rank may have found favour with Fanny? If so, what need of mystery? I am neither young nor noble; yet I did hope——"

"Ah, ah, ah!" laughed Sir Crab. "Excuse me, Argent, excuse me. Fit for St. Luke's, eh? where certain

—— brazen, brainless brothers stand."

And he peered up at the rigid features of his intended son-in-law, who replied, with more of sorrow than of anger.

"Be it so, be it so;" and was about to take his departure, when stopped by the knight.

"Think you I would so use an old friend, Argent? But I could not help smiling, when you wanted to persuade me I knew not my own nephew—the profligate!"

Hereupon Argent began to wax wroth, and smote his thigh, as he exclaimed—

"I can tell you one thing, Sir Crab, old friends though we be, and in spite of the projected alliance, I will not tamely submit to be insulted."

"Heyday! what next?—Insulted!"

"I now repeat, in the plainest conceivable terms, that Lord Creighton has just entered your house. If you have reasons for concealing him—so be it—I wish you good morning."

Sir Crab, after regarding the speaker for some time, in utter amazement, muttered—

"You are mad, Sir, mad! mad as a March hare! by 'the immortal Magog.'"

Argent's ears were sufficiently acute to transmit this startling accusation to the seat of understanding; and he replied—

"Such language, Sir Crab, makes this, in all probability, the last interview we may ever have. That unhappy disposition to make the best bargain breaks through a friendship, which the trials of thirty years had not impaired. You call me mad! I still assert the Duke of Nottingham's eldest son, Lord Creighton, is under your roof; and I will give you a proof sufficient for the satisfaction of any man. Yesterday, no longer since than yesterday, I had some pecuniary transactions with his lordship; and must, therefore, of necessity, be acquainted with his person. Now, are you satisfied?"

Sir Crab stared, as well he might, at such positive assertion; and, for a moment, appeared in a state of doubt as to his conduct.

"Come, Sir Crab, come," said Argent, noting the worthy merchant's hesitation, "here's my hand. Let not so long a friendship, as ours be terminated by such a mistake. Identity is easily ascertained from the parties themselves;" and he was moving forward for this purpose, when Lady Numberwell made her appearance.

"Only think, Numby, only think—your nephew, Bolland——"

"There!" interrupted the knight; "he will have him a lord! what's the use of my talking. He's only fit for Bedlam," pointing to Argent.

"Heaven preserve us!" ejaculated the lady; "a mad friend in the house."

"Zounds and the devil, madam!" began the now enraged Argent—but a coughing fit suddenly put an end to the period, so eloquently commenced. Sir Crab seemed still undecided; while Lady Numberwell retreated behind him.

At that instant, hearing the voice of Sir Crab, Wilmot, using the privilege of a relation, followed the sound, and unexpectedly appeared before the trio. Had a rattle-snake suddenly crossed his path, he could not have rushed past the terrific object, and disappeared with

greater velocity than he now displayed, on perceiving Argent. Followed by his companion, with equal speed, they were, in a moment, whirling along toward Brighton with what expedition four horses could convey them.

When the astonishment caused by this abrupt flight had partially ceased, each eye was bent on Argent as if for explanation, since it appeared evident that to his presence alone their hasty departure was attributable.

"And is that really the graceless Wilmot Bolland?" said the usurer, in fearful trepidation, as the unwelcome truth began to glimmer upon him.

"It is, it is!" was the reluctant reply of Sir Crab; who, from the usurer's unwonted terror, augured something, he knew not definitely what, of horrible.

Argent, was now convinced: and with the conviction came the certainty, that when he fancied, he had lent Lord Creighton 5000*l.*, he had been the prey of an expert swindler. Of this he could no longer doubt; and, for the first five minutes after the fact was ascertained, he seemed stupified; then he raved loudly and bitterly for vengeance. Vengeance he would have: and though all manner of noxious things beset his path—though mountains frowned before him—though oceans intervened—though pestilence scattered the contents of his phial around him. Vengeance, vengeance should lay her soothing unction to his wounded spirit!

The hurricane subsided by degrees, and a calm succeeded, only to be broken by a still more fearful display.

"Pursued!" continued the victim, "aye, pursue him like a whirlwind, even to the world's end. Mine own will I have; and bitterly shall he rue the day when he selected me on whom to play his infamous schemes. Five thousand pounds! and from me! I, who have risen early, and late retired to my pallet; who have trudged, with thousands in my pocket, to the poverty-smitten abode of splendour, while my feet were weary and my stomach empty, yet expended not sixpence for a coach or for food; who have passed hours, days, years, in increasing vigilance, and untiring perseverance; whose days have been consumed in thought, thought the most intense; and whose very nights have been no seasons of rest for me! I, who have sacrificed a life in amassing treasure—who have enjoyed none of the world's luxuries; who have suffered every torture in the power of fear to inflict; and who have scarcely partaken of a sufficiency to keep breath in this miserable carcass! That such as I should have, at last, been duped, cheated, defrauded—villanously defrauded—is too, too much!" and the wretched old usurer sunk on a chair. The next moment he started up; his cheeks burning, his eyes the seat of ungovernable fury, and every limb quivering from excess of rage. He gasped for speech—and again he sunk down. The struggle had been too severe—the sudden rupture of a blood-vessel released him from the endurance of a life which, for the better part of half a century, had been most wretched from its very prosperity.



## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

**CLAMOUR AT THE MARCH OF MORTAR.**—A controversy has been carried on, with no little acrimony, between Mr. Wilkins, the architect, and others of his brethren, respecting the projected National Gallery. The difference apparently arises from a contemplated encroachment of the new building upon the open view of the front of St. Martin's Church. Now, if the plans subjected by the architect are really worthy to be carried into effect, the grandeur and real importance of a national building is, in our opinion, of so much more consequence than St. Martin's Church, that the objections raised against Mr. Wilkins's plan would appear to be more the result of party feeling, than of just and impartial criticism. It seems to us, moreover, that the value of the church, as a specimen of architecture, is much over-rated. It was built at a time when the architectural dignity of our metropolis did not stand very high, in comparison with the other nations of Europe; it, therefore, became with us of an undue importance; and, not to be enraptured with its proportion, was considered a sort of heresy in taste. Did ever architecture happen to be the subject of conversation, thereupon the beauties of St. Martin's were held up to admiration—it was like the eternal eloquence of Frère Jacques on the accomplishments of his cat—it was cat! cat! everlastingly. One would fancy, to hear some *quid nuncs*, that there is but one portico in the world, and that belongs to St. Martin's—and that, by no possibility, can there be another, because the man is dead that made it.

We are happy to bear testimony to the following condescension of the dignitaries of Worthing. It is not always we find country gentlemen so liberal in this encouragement of Art:—

“We understand that Mr. Hancock will probably, in the course of two or three weeks, run his new and elegant steam-carriage, ‘The Autopsy,’ between Brighton and Worthing. At their meeting, on Thursday last, the Commissioners of Worthing, in the handsomest manner, gave Mr. Hancock permission to make use of their *town pumps*.”

We question whether Mr. Hancock will be able to avail himself advantageously of the offer of these *town pumps*. However, the intention is kind, and deserves notice.

**THE BLESSING OF IGNORANCE.**—At a late trial in the country, an action was brought to recover the value of a gun, which had burst, although *warranted*. The principal witness proved to us the advantage, when firing a strange gun, of not being blessed with the professional expertness of a sportsman.

“Witness sent it down to a friend in the country, and it burst on the second shot. His friend was *inexperienced*, and held the gun *rather awkwardly*, or his hand would have been shot off.”



In future commend us to inexperience in these matters. It is a real "consolation to the tremulous" sportsman to reflect, that, though his pride is touched, his hands are safe. They are not liable to those eccentric excursions to which the manipulators of a practised shot are prone to take. We should prefer placing our hands *rather awkwardly*, than witness their independent evolutions in a sphere for which nature never intended them. We would, however, recommend the tyro, if he must go upon these expeditions, to leave the glory and danger to the ambitious marksman, and make all sure by keeping his hands in his pockets.

**CELESTIAL PECULIARITIES.**—We are hardly sufficiently grateful to Providence for having cast our lot in such "pleasant places." It is only by the occasional receipt of foreign documents that we can, by comparison, appreciate our own security. The decease of a crowned head is surely sufficiently distressing, without lacerating the feelings of a bereaved people by orders such as these:—

"On the 15th July, died at Pekin, the consort of the Emperor of China. A general mourning has been ordered in consequence. The Mantshur *employés* are for 27 days to wear garments of coarse white linen, and caps without *tassels* or *buttons*; during 100 days they must not *shave their heads*. The Mongolian *employés* are to assume the same mourning, with the exception of the white garments. The Chinese people must leave their *heads unshaved* for the same period, and are to wear no *tassels* on their caps for seven days."—*Russian Paper*.

Now, when we unhappily suffer a similar calamity, the people are merely enjoined to put on *decent mourning*, a comprehensive term enough, and ingeniously contrived; but our shaving is left to our own sense of propriety. We can fancy the consternation at court produced by an order for the discontinuance of scissors and razors for the space of 100 days—our *Mongolian employés* would be in a state little short of frenzy. We remember the effect produced by such a mandate, although on a small scale, upon a regiment of cavalry, when the discontinuance of the growth of *moustache* was delicately hinted to them. Many, who had been at great pains and expense to enter the regiment for the privilege of wearing them, retired from the service in disgust; and the precincts of the Horse Guards were disquieted for many days with the apprehension that the heroes would march out—drums beating and colours flying—to fortify Primrose-hill, rather than ingloriously part with their whiskers. Nothing offends a gentleman more than interfering with the cut of his wig, or the pointing of his whiskers; and our independence in these particulars makes us pity the tonsorial enthrallment of those whose razors are only sharpened by royal authority. After all, to speak seriously, if we place the celestial order beside one from our own Chamberlain's office, and place our *bag wigs and ruffles* against the *buttons and tassels* of the Chinese, we shall find the distinction of absurdity pretty much on an equality, whether in the courts of Asia or Europe.

**THE COLUMNS OF ROYALTY.**—We are not of that class who fancy that loyalty to the monarch can only be proved by hollow encomium

and fulsome adulation; who would persuade the lieges that a common act of justice in a private individual, becomes in a king magnified into a most exalted virtue—as though the humanities of society were denied to that privileged class.

“Through the high sense of honour and justice on the part of his Majesty, arrangements are in contemplation, by which all the *bond fide* and honest creditors of the Duke of York are likely to receive the full amount of their claims.”

We have not so ill an opinion of royalty as to suppose the illustrious individuals composing that class are entirely destitute of the common principles of honour and correct pride, which are considered of no great merit in persons of inferior station to possess. The Duke of York's debts have been a positive scandal to the royal family of England ever since his decease; and when we consider the immense sums of money drawn yearly by each individual of that family, our astonishment is not at the *high sense of honour and justice* displayed by his Majesty, by causing *arrangements* to be contemplated for paying his illustrious brother's deficiencies, but that the same feeling did not prompt him to do it before. It is very true that his Majesty's family is numerous; but his income is large; and we sincerely hope that he may live long to make up a tolerable purse for them. The comparatively small sum required can never be better expended than in relieving the memory of his relative from the odium which must ever attach to the vices, however extenuated, of improvidence.

It would have been a sad mockery to have exhibited the statue of the deceased duke to the sneers of the populace; and the tradesman would have sighed, as he looked over his ledger, to think that the illustrious original had raised more *columns* at the expense of the people than any man in England.

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PROMOTION OF THE 3D REGIMENT OF SOUTH-DEVON ROYAL AUXILIARY-SUPPLEMENTARY YEOMANRY CAVALRY!—The gallant yeomanry, if they are of no other use, at least afford plenty of amusement. Their antics on horseback are ludicrous enough, excepting occasionally where they interfere with the people's comfort, by treading upon their toes—a *guacherie*, which a well-bred horse of the Guards would be ashamed to commit.—

“Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has been pleased to command that the South Devon shall in future be styled ‘The 3d Royal Devon, or Duchess of Kent's own Regiment of Yeomanry.’”

We are glad to hear the “South Devon” has deserved the honour thus conferred upon it, and hope the members of the *corps* are somewhat more dexterous with their weapons than formerly. When they were last called out into “active service,” against some contumacious rustics, one of the *corps*, who was more disposed for “business” than his comrades, had pushed his horse in advance, which was seized by some unceremonious chopstick by the bridle. The indignant *militaire* aimed at him a desperate blow with his sabre, in the practice of which, not having a veteran's experience, the gallant gentleman unfortunately cut his charger's ear off!

An anecdote is related of this same distinguished regiment:—In the earlier part of their military career, it was customary with them to practise their evolutions without the assistance of any of their officers, except the adjutant, who gave the command, the other ranks being filled by serjeants and corporals. On one occasion, the military march of mind was rather ludicrously exhibited: on the command being given by the adjutant, that—“*the—regi—ment—will—charge—by—squadrons—al—ternately,*”—it was repeated by one of the majors to his bewildered comrades as follows:—“*the regi—ment—will—charge by—squadrons—to—all—eternity!*”

PRODIGIOUS!—Our country friends are always on the *qui vive* to astonish us. They exert their ingenuity most industriously, and, so far as amusement is concerned, to good purpose—to wit, the following:—

“A bullock, weighing only 26 stones Dutch, was on Thursday slaughtered at Linlithgow, when the tallow inclosing the left kidney was observed to be of *prodigious* size. On taking the kidney out, after leaving the usual proportion, it weighed *five stones* imperial! The bullock was three years old, and quite healthy.”

Fancy a kidney *seventy pounds!* If the readers of the talented paragraph above, had swallows equal to alligators, they would not find them a whit too large for this kidney. Again:—

“Last week, a sea cob, kept in the garden of J. Lloyd Williams, Esq. of Alderbrook-hall, Cardigan, swallowed a mole alive, which after a considerable time, worked its way out through the breast of the bird, and made its escape. The bird is still alive and doing well!”

We are quite sure that our respected friend, Captain Cram, has lately been on a visit to Mr. Williams; and it was he, who doubtless forwarded the account to the Editor of the paper when we took it. If that be the case, we are not so much surprised, as our travelled friend has certainly witnessed more extraordinary things than any man in England. Had it been related by any other, we should hardly believe it.

### THINGS THEATRICAL.

A great clamour has been raised about the right of Mr. BUNN to unite the two houses under one management—a question which solely involves the interests of manager and actors, but in which the latter have very ingeniously contrived to inveigle the public. Now what the public have to complain of is simply this—the high prices of admission, and the inferiority of entertainment. And the reason?—Why, the enormous salaries given to actors by a ruinous competition, precludes the possibility of encouraging first-rate dramatic talent as it deserves—the consequence is, hashes from the French, and thread-bare pieces, which the public are sick of seeing.

Actors and singers are paid at a higher rate, in proportion to their talent, than any other class of the community; and because a manager



devises some means to check this evil, he naturally enough excites their wrath. In former days, when the theatre was the resort of all the genius and fashion of England; when the stage was graced by talent of the first order, no such salaries were thought of; and now when patronage is withdrawn, and every thing appears upon a mediocre scale, actors are dissatisfied if they do not receive the income of princes. As genuine worth declines, greediness is on the advance; but of this we feel assured, that the stage never can hope to regain its former popularity, until it ceases to be a ruinous speculation to managers—until the salaries of actors are brought to a level with other professions—the rent reduced with all other rent—authors properly treated—and the prices made suitable to the means of those who would willingly go if they could afford it. Till this is done, all the rest is patch-work. Managers may adopt temporary means of relief, it will not ultimately avail—a thorough reform is wanting to meet the means of the public.

A *debutante* for theatrical honours lately appeared at COVENT GARDEN, in the character of *Rosina*—and is a very graceful pleasing little person. We understand that she was formerly a pupil of CRIVELLI, who, in fact, formed her voice; but that she has latterly, unfortunately, been receiving instruction from a gentleman who is a flute player, or a fiddler, or some such thing, but certainly without experience as a singing master, and altogether unfit for the task of qualifying such a singer as Miss ATKINSON for the stage. It is to be regretted, that the young lady did not pursue her former course of instruction—she would, by this time, have had no reason to fear a competitor—as it is, her talent is of first-rate order, and her success, in the character of *Rosina*, was complete. Her performance of *Mandane*, in “*Artaxerxes*,” was equivocal: for the part is altogether unfit for her voice, which is of *mezzo-soprano* quality. The music of *Mandane* requires a soprano voice of full compass: therefore, placing Miss ATKINSON in such a position was not only ungenerous to her individually, but grossly unjust.

We hear she is refused an engagement, because she was not so successful in a part where she ought never to have been placed. — Such is theatrical justice!

The new piece of “*Gustavus*,” at COVENT GARDEN, continues to attract large audiences, and has been profitable to the management. It is “adapted from the French,” by PLANCHE; and is certainly a very splendid spectacle. The music, however, is by no means to be laid to the fault of poor AUBER, who has sins enough to answer for. It is principally got up, contrived, and worked into the piece by a Mr. CARTER, who might have been more advantageously employed in some other business. This opera was introduced at the VICTORIA, and, if we except the grand scenic effects, to our mind much better. The music was arranged and partly composed by Mr. BARNETT, a composer of acknowledged reputation, who executed his task most successfully. The costumes were, likewise, arranged with greater accuracy; we were not astonished there by the appearance of Napoleon



at the masked ball, in his well-known costume of latter days—an anachronism at COVENT GARDEN which could only have been suggested by the grossest ignorance.

The "*Butterfly's Ball*," at the ADELPHI, was but a poor affair. Its attraction chiefly depended on the merits of the legs of Mrs. WAYLETT and Mrs. HONEY; but whether they have been seen often enough, or that the taste of the Adelphi audience is becoming more pure, they failed to produce a run.

The fair widow of Wych-street has not been so successful as last year. "*The Beulah Spa*" seems to be the most attractive piece hitherto introduced; we hope MADAME may receive great benefit from the waters.

The French theatrical world has been in serious commotion lately—nothing less than a rupture with Sweden is spoken of. The descendants of the heroes of Charles XII. have threatened vengeance. As we have been guilty of the same impropriety, we must leave Mr. BUNN to get the country out of the scrape as he can. It is hard that an innocent people should suffer from the delinquency of a manager. It appears that a diplomatic correspondence of an angry nature has taken place between the French and Swedish governments, in consequence of the latter having demanded the withdrawal from the French Stage of the opera of the "*Bal Masqué de Gustave*," and the vaudeville of the "*Camarade de Lit*." The latter piece is certainly not calculated to flatter the vanity of the reigning monarch of Sweden. The plot of this singular dramatic production, which is from the pens of MM. LANGLE and VANDERBURCK, is as follows:—*Thiebault*, an old grognard of the Grande Armée, and his Majesty, Charles John (Bernadotte), had, when simple grenadiers in the service, been bedfellows—*Camarades de Lit*. *Thiebault* goes to Sweden after the late revolution, where he carries on the trade of a cabinet-maker. He there meets the king, who, at the sight of his old comrade, feels all the force of youthful impressions, that he puts on his old uniform of a grenadier, and with *Thiebault* repairs to a *cabaret*. Here the latter reads the king a lesson on politics and the art of government, who at last, under the influence of deep potations, signs several edicts calculated completely to reorganize the political condition of the Swedish people. The *denouement* is admirably managed, and the piece throughout full of interest and gaiety. It has met with great success.

The rage in Paris for theatrical novelties is truly surprising. The life of Napoleon made but the subject of one piece—while the ages of Louis XIV. and XV. have been ransacked over and over again for subjects to satisfy the greedy curiosity of *La Jeune France*. During the last month thirteen new pieces were produced at the different theatres of Paris, viz. two tragedies, two dramas, one comic opera, and eight vaudevilles; a number, considering what has been, and what is expected, is thought by our neighbours to be a monstrous meagre affair after all.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.—ACKERMANN & Co.

THE eldest-born of annuals has always been a welcome guest at our Christmas fire-sides, and from the pains taken to keep pace with the fresh attraction offered by other adventurers in the most interesting of literary competition, we have no doubt it will long continue so. There are many very interesting articles in the present volume, of which we shall extract the following: the view from an hitherto unpublished sketch by the late Sir Walter Scott, and the tale by our friend the Ettrick Shepherd:—

### SCOTTISH HAYMAKERS.

THERE is no employment in Scotland so sweet as working in a hay-field on a fine summer day. Indeed it is only on a fine summerday that the youths and maidens of this northern clime can work at the hay. But then the scent of the new hay, which of all others in the world is the most delicious and healthful, the handsome dress of the girls, which is uniformly the same, consisting of a snow-white bedgown and white or red striped petticoat—the dress that Wilkie is so fond of, and certainly the most lovely and becoming dress that ever was or will be worn by woman; and then the rosy flush of healthful exercise on the cheeks of the maidens, with their merry jibes and smiles of innocent delight! Well do I know, from long and well tried experience, that it is impossible for any man with the true feelings of a man to work with them or even to stand and look on—both of which I have done a thousand times, first as a servant, and afterwards as a master—I say it is impossible to be among them and not be in love with some one or other of them.

But this simple prologue was merely meant to introduce a singular adventure I met with a good many years ago. Mr. Terry, the player, his father and brother-in-law, the two celebrated Naesmiths, and some others, among whom was Monsieur Alexandre, the most wonderful ventriloquist that I believe ever was born, and I think Grieve and Scott, but at this distance of time I am uncertain, were of the party. However, we met by appointment; and, as the weather was remarkably fine, agreed to take a walk into the country and dine at "The Hunter's Tryste," a little, neat, cleanly, well-kept inn, about two miles to the southward of Edinburgh. We left the city by the hills of Braid, and there went into a hay-field. The scene certainly was quite delightful, what with the scent of the hay, the beauty of the day, and the rural group of haymakers. Some were working hard, some wooing, and some towzling, as we call it, when Alexander Naesmith, who was always on the look-out for any striking scene of nature, called to his son—"Come here, Peter, and look at this scene. Did you ever see aught equal to this? Look at those happy haymakers on the foreground; that fine old ash tree, and the castle between us and the clear blue sky. I declare I have hardly ever seen such a landscape! And if you had not been a perfect stump as you are, you would have noticed it before me. If you had I would have set ten times more value on it."

"Oh, I saw it well enough," said Peter, "and have been taking a peep at it this while past, but I hae some other thing to think of and look at just now. Do you see that girl standing there with the hay-rake in her hand?"

"Ay, now, Peter, that's some sense," said the veteran artist. "I excuse you for not looking at the scene I was sketching. Do you know, man, that is the only sensible speech I ever heard you make in my life."

There were three men and a very handsome girl loading an immense cart of hay. We walked on, and at length this moving hay-stack overtook us. I remember it well, with a black horse in the shafts and a fine light grey one in the traces. We made very slow progress; for Naesmith would never cease either sketching or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature, and I remember he made a remark to me that day which I think neither he nor his most ingenious son, now no more, ever attended much to; for they have often drawn most extensive vistas the truest to nature of any thing I ever saw in my uncultivated judgment, which can only discern what is accordant with nature by looking on nature itself: but, if a hundred years hence, the pictures of the Naesmiths are not held invaluable, I am no judge of true natural scenery. But I have forgot myself. The remark that he made to me was this: "It is amazing how little makes a good picture; and frequently the less that is taken in the better." Some of the ladies of the family seem to have improved greatly on this hint.

But to return to my story. We made such slow progress on account of Naesmith, that up came the great cart-load of hay on one side of us, with a great burly Lothian peasant sitting upon the hay, lashing on his team, and whistling his tune. We walked on, side by side, for a while, I think about half a mile, when, all at once, a child began to cry in the middle of the cart-load of hay. I declare I was cheated myself; for, though I was walking alongside of Alexandre, I thought there was a child among the hay; for it cried with a kind of half smothered breath, that I am sure there never was such a deception practised in this world. Peter Naesmith was leaning on the cart-shaft at the time, and conversing with the driver about the beautiful girl he had seen in the hay-field. But Peter was rather deaf, and, not hearing the screaming of the child, looked up in astonishment, when the driver of the cart began to stare around him like a man bereaved of his senses.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Terry. "You are smothering a child among your hay."

The poor fellow, rough and burly as was his outer man, was so much appalled at the idea of taking infant life, that he exclaimed in a half-articulate voice: "I wonder how they could fork a bairn up to me frae the meadow, an' me never ken!" And without taking time to descend to loose his cart-ropes, he cut them through the middle, and turned off his hay, roll after roll, with the utmost expedition; and still the child kept crying almost under his hands and feet. He was even obliged to set his feet on each side of the cart for fear of trampling the poor infant to death. At length, when he had turned the greater part of the hay off upon the road, the child fell a-crying most bitterly amongst the hay; on which the poor fellow (his name was Sandy Burnet) jumped off the cart in the greatest trepidation. "Od! I hae thrawn the poor thing ower!" exclaimed he. "I's warrant it's killed!"—and he began to shake out the hay with the greatest caution. I and one of my companions went forward to assist him. "Stand back! stand back!" cried he. "Ye'll may be tramp its life out. I'll look for't mysel'." But, after he had shaken out the whole of the hay, no child was to be found. I never saw looks of such amazement as Sandy Burnet's then were. He seemed to have lost all comprehension of every thing in this world. I was obliged myself to go on to the brow of the hill and call on some of the hay-makers to come and load the cart again.

Mr. Scott and I stripped off our coats, and assisted; and, as we were busy loading the cart, I said to Sandy, seeing him always turning the hay over and over for fear of running the fork through a child, "What can hae become o' the creature, Sandy?—for you must be sensible that there was a bairn among this hay."

"The Lord kens, sir," said Sandy.



"Think ye the lasses are a' safe enough an' to be trusted?" said I.

"For ony thing that I ken, sir."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?"

"The Lord kens, sir. There was a bairn, or the semblance o' ane, naeboddy can doubt; but I'm thinking it was a fairy, an' that I'm hauntit."

"Did you ever murder any bairns, Sandy?"

"Oh no! I wadna murder a bairn for the hale world."

"But were ye ever the cause o' any lasses murdering their bairns?"

"Not that I ken o'."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?—for you are sensible that there is or was a bairn among your hay. It is rather a bad-looking job, Sandy, and I wish you were quit of it."

"I wish the same, sir. But there can be nae doubt that the creature among the hay was either a fairy or the ghaist of a bairn, for the hay was a' forkit off the swathe on the meadow. An' how could ony body fork up a bairn, an' neither him nor me ken?"

We got the cart loaded once more, knitted the ropes firmly, and set out; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards before the 'child fell a-crying again among the hay with more vehemence and with more choaking screams than ever. "Gudeness have a care o' us! Heard ever ony leevin the like o' that! I declare the creature's there again!" cried Sandy, and, flinging himself from the cart with a summerset, he ran off, and never once looked over his shoulder as long as he was in our sight. We were very sorry to hear afterwards that he had fled all the way to the highlands of Perthshire, where he still lives in a deranged state of muid.

We dined at "The Hunter's Tryste," and spent the afternoon in hilarity; but such a night of fun as Monsieur Alexandre made us I never witnessed and never shall again. On the stage, where I had often seen him, his powers were extraordinary, and altogether unequalled; that was allowed by every one: but the effect there was not to be compared with that which he produced in a private party. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord, his wife, and her daughter, who was the landlord's step-daughter, a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but, I am sure that family never spent an afternoon of such astonishment and terror from the day they were united until death parted them—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexandre made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house, from under the beds, from the basin-stands, and from the garret, where a dreadful quarrel took place. And then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declare that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then, losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hand and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buz round my head and face until I struck at it several times and had nearly felled myself. Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted in a rough obstreperous manner on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg; on which the landlord ran to the door and bolted it, and ordered the man to go about his business, for there was no room in the house, and there he should not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man going round and round the house, grumbling, swearing, and threatening and all the while Alexandre was just standing with his back to us at the room-door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man going by, and Miss Jane even ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length, on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement as Jane was in I never



beheld. "But ye need nae be feared, gentlemen," said she, "for I'll defy him to win down. The door's boltit an' lockit, an' the vent o' the lumb is na sae wide as that jug."

However, down he came, and down he came, until his voice actually seemed to be coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it, saying, "He is winning down, I believe, after a'. He is surely the deil."

Alexandre went to the chimney, and, in his own natural voice ordered the fellow to go about his business, for into our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him hurling down over the slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantations. We drank freely, and paid liberally, that afternoon; but I am sure the family never were so glad to get quit of a party in all their lives.

To prove the authenticity of this story, I may just mention that Peter Naesmith and Alexander ran a race in going home for half a dozen of wine, and, it being down the hill, Peter fell and hurt his breast very badly. I have been told that that fall ultimately occasioned his death. I hope it was not so; for though a perfect simpleton, he was a great man in his art.

#### HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL, 1834. TILT.

WE have received this volume too late for such an elaborate notice as the reputation of its author justly entitles it. Upon a hasty glance it appears to be particularly rich in its literary portion: almost every article possesses a claim to attention. We can only at present, present our readers with a specimen in prose, by way of whetting their appetite for the remainder:—

#### SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

##### THE DILEMMA.

"Read! it's very easy to say read."—THE BURGOMASTER.

"I have trusted to a reed."—OLD PROVERB.

"Hoy!—Cotch!—Co-ach!—Coachy!—Coachee!—hullo!—hullo!—woh!—wo-hoay?—wough-hoaeiouy!"—for the last cry was a waterman's, and went all through the vowels.

The Portsmouth Rocket pulled up, and a middle-aged, domestic-looking woman, just handsome enough for a plain cook at an ordinary, was deposited on the dickey; two trunks, three handboxes, a bundle, and a hand-basket, were stowed in the hind boot. "This is where I'm to go to," she said to the guard, putting into his hand a slip of paper. The guard took the paper, looked hard at it, right side upwards, then upside down, and then he looked at the back; he in the meantime seemed to examine the consistency of the fabric between his finger and thumb; he approached it to his nose as if to smell out its meaning; I even thought that he was going to try the sense of it by tasting, when, by a sudden jerk, he gave the label with its direction to the winds, and snatching up his key-bugle began to play "O where, and O where," with all his breath.

I defy the metaphysicians to explain by what vehicle I travelled to the conclusion that the guard could not read; but I felt as morally sure of it as if I had examined him in his a—b—ab. It was a prejudice not very liberal;

but yet it clung to me, and fancy persisted in sticking a dunce's cap on his head. Shakspeare says that "he who runs may read," and I had seen him run a good shilling's worth after an umbrella that dropped from the coach; it was a presumptuous opinion, therefore, to form, but I formed it notwithstanding—that he was a perfect stranger to all those booking-offices where the clerks are schoolmasters. Morally speaking, I had no earthly right to clap an ideal Saracen's Head on his shoulders; but, for the life of me, I could not persuade myself that he had more to do with literature than the Blue Boar.

Women are naturally communicative: after a little while the female in the dickey brought up, as a military man would say, her reserve, and entered into recitative with the guard during the pauses of the key-bugle. She informed him in the course of conversation, or rather dickey gossip, that she was an invaluable servant, and, as such, had been bequeathed by a deceased master to the care of one of his relatives at Putney, to exert her vigilance as a housekeeper, and to overlook every thing for fifty pounds a-year. "Such places," she remarked, "is not to be found every day in the year."

The last sentence was prophetic!

"If it's Putney," said the guard, "it's the very place we're going through. Hold hard, Tom, the young woman wants to get down." Tom immediately pulled up; the young woman did get down, and her two trunks, three band-boxes, her bundle, and her hand-basket were ranged round her. "I've had a very pleasant ride," she said, giving the fare with a smirk and a curtsy to the coachman, "and am very much obliged,"—dropping a second curtsy to the guard,—“for other civilities. The boxes and things is quite correct, and won't give further trouble; Mr. Guard, except to be as good as pint out the house I'm going to.” The guard thus appealed to, for a moment stood all aghast; but at last his wits came to his aid, and he gave the following lesson in geography.

"You're all right—ourn a'n't a short stage, and can't go round setting people down at their own doors; but you're safe enough at Putney—don't be alarmed, my dear—you can't go out of it. It's all Putney, from the bridge we've just come over, to the windmill you almost can't see t'other side of the common."

"But, Mr. Guard, I've never been in Putney before, and it seems a scrambling sort of a place. If the coach can't go round with me to the house, can't you stretch a pint and set me down in sight of it?"

"It's impossible—that's the sum total; this coach is timed to a minute, and can't do more for outsides if they was all Kings of England."

"I see how it is," said the female, bridling up, while the coachman, out of patience, prepared to do quite the reverse; "some people are very civil, while some people are setting beside 'em in dickies; but give me the paper again, and I'll find my own ways."

"It's chucked away," said the guard, as the coach got into motion; "but just ask the first man you meet—any body will tell you."

"But I don't know who or where to ask for," screamed the lost woman after the flying Rocket; "I can't read; but it was all down in the paper as is chucked away."

A loud flourish of the bugle to the tune of "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground" was the only reply; and as long as the road remained straight, I could see "the Bewildered Maid" standing in the midst of her baggage, as forlorn as Eve, when, according to Milton—

"The world was all before her, where to choose  
Her place—"

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN DUNGETT, OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, A  
USEFUL CLASS-LEADER, AND SUCCESSFUL LOCAL PREACHER IN  
THE WELEYAN METHODIST CONNEXION. BY J. HEATON.

CANT—cant—cant! “Heaven stops the nose at it.”

DECISION AND INDECISION; OR THE TWO COUSINS. BY THE WIFE  
OF A WESLEYAN MINISTER. MASON, 1833.

WE fear we must confess ourselves obnoxious to all the consequences of “indecision,” as respects this work; our “decision” being somewhat perplexed by the consideration “that a lady is in the case.” Dr. Johnson says, in his Rambler (and we always bear this in mind), “Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present;” and the world is witness that our coffers are ever ready to liquidate such debts, with the benefit of the discount of a clear conscience, as soon as incurred. As, however, it is not in our nature to offer (nor would it be decorous, upon so slight an acquaintance, in a lady to accept) the present of the latter, the nature of our opinion of this work we leave to the sagacity of the fair authoress and the public.

We may take this opportunity, perhaps, of remonstrating with the small fry of writers, upon their very unnecessary and ridiculous indulgence in the use of the italics, intended, it would seem, to strengthen and enforce the egregious no-meaning of their awkward sentences. One cannot get through a line without a row of these slanting gentlemen posted in the way. It reminds us very much of the story told of the poor artist, who, having completed something between an ox and a hippopotamus, thought fit, for the information of his friends, to transcribe beneath, “this is a cow;” presenting a sad and melancholy portraiture of that useful animal.

SOCIAL EVILS AND THEIR REMEDY. BY THE REV. CHARLES B.  
TAYLER, M. A., THE MECHANIC. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

“I AM not a politician,” is the preliminary admission of the Rev. Charles Tayler. Surely, now, such a statement is quite unnecessary; quite as much so, we should say, as though that excellent bird that flourishes at Michaelmas, were to declare, “I am not an eagle;” or a certain long-eared quadruped, “I am not a Cordovan jennet.” Perhaps Mr. Tayler means to say, though, that he professes no particular political creed. We beg his pardon. To become a politician, we imagine, demands greater powers than those required to jabber infinite nonsense, at the full valuation of a reasonably sonorous snore per minute.

We regret we have not time to make a barbescue of this pretender. We may, however, advise him to cease to decorate his title-page with the irreverent, catch-penny device he has chosen. Such symbols are too serious to be made to serve the purposes of trade. Who, pray, suggested this?

## POLITICAL SUMMARY.

WITH the exception of the Iberian Peninsula, Europe has, during the last month, been in a state of political quietism. Even diplomacy appears to have relaxed something of its wonted energies, and to be reposing from the toils of its last campaign. In Spain, however, the aspect of affairs is becoming daily more complicated. Carlism is gaining ground, rearing, hydra-like, its heads in almost every province. The position of the Queen-Regent is, it must be confessed, a difficult one; if, on the one hand, she throws herself into the arms of the Constitutionalists, she loses the support of the justemilieu party; and, upon the other, if she demands the interference of the French, she will, by one blow, throw the whole nation into the opposite scale. The major part of the Spanish people, we firmly believe, care little about political liberty; but they are a haughty race, and the interference of a foreign power would popularize the cause of Don Carlos, which would be associated with that of national independence. Both the ruling government of Spain, and that of Louis Philippe, see the danger of such a measure—besides, there is no doubt that, on the crossing of the Bidossoa by the French, the armies of Russia, Austria and Prussia, would advance upon the Rhine, and thus would be kindled that fearful war of principles, the eruption of which it has been the great effort of European diplomacy for the last three years to prevent. In the mean time Spain appears destined to pass through the same fiery ordeal that has been the fate of Portugal for the last eighteen months. By the last accounts from that country, Miguel's prospects look better. He is showing an imposing front at Sartarem—recruits even flocking to his standard from the Northern Provinces—in fact, if he only uses with skill the resources he has yet at his disposition, the ulterior success of his niece is not so certain as many fondly imagine.

In the North, the only political event of importance is the tripartite alliance between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, for preserving the *statu quo* in Poland. In Germany considerable opposition is offered by the smaller States to the Prussian tariff system. In France, no question of importance will be mooted until the opening of the Chambers, fixed for the 3d December; while in Turkey we have a continuation of the old story—internal revolt, venality, and corruption, fostered by Russian intrigue

## DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

LORD DURHAM and Mr. O'Connell have been the lions of the month. Both have been making known to the public their aspirations after fame—the Rent of the Irish orator has not been so productive this year as formerly. The people are well enough pleased with patriots so long as they keep their hands out of their breeches pockets; but when “stump up” is the cry, people double-lock their strong boxes—like a crowd round a Punch-and-Judy shew, they are delighted to see the dog thumped, and the thwacks dealt by Punch's cudgel; but the moment the cap goes round, off they walk.

The Tithe and Tax uproar has subsided—like the ancient *Pistol*, people grumble and eat their leeks.

The Corporative Inquiry has been progressing with great effect. The Merchant Tailors' Company, however, have been contumacious. They beg to offer their particular respects to the king, and assure him of their duty, but beg to deny his authority. Tailors are, proverbially, a pugnacious race. Poor Sir Richard Birnie used to say, that he had more difficulty with tailors than all the operatives of the metropolis put together. This is very reprehensible, and we trust the company may be brought to reason without the aid of the treadmill or any other equally disagreeable exercise.



## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CELEBRATED WOMEN of all Countries, their Lives and Portraits. By the DUCHESS OF ABRANTES and COUNT STRASZEWICZ, to be commenced on the First of January, and continued Monthly, containing FOUR FINE PORTRAITS and MEMOIRS, in Octavo, and Folio.

In one small volume, illustrated with a Portrait of the Author, the Life of the original Lawrie Todd, entitled FORTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN AMERICA; or the Doctrine of a particular Providence, exemplified in the Life of Grant Thorburn, Seedsman, of New York. Written by Himself.

Will be Published in December, a BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE of Works privately printed; including such as have emanated from the Roxburghe, Bannatyne, and Maitland Clubs, and the Private Presses at Strawberry Hill. Auchinleck, Darlington, Lee Priory, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Broadway. By JOHN MARTIN, F.L.S.

RHYMES for YOUTHFUL HISTORIANS, designed to assist the Memory in retaining the most important events in Ancient and English History. Third Edition.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE grand business of the autumnal season, wheat sowing, is drawing towards a close, or rather may be said to have already closed, in even the most backward parts of the country. With some exceptions, arising from peculiar and local causes, and such must ever be expected, the wheat-seed season of the present year may be unhesitatingly pronounced as one of the most fortunate and successful. Indeed, a retrospect will show, that of late years, in an especial manner, we have been fortunate in our wheat sowing, and at the start, whatever may have resulted at the conclusion, that is to say, at harvest. Our two last wheat harvests, indeed, have been wonderfully productive; the state of the lands, of the climate, and the condition of the generality of the farms considered. Want of money, so general among the farmers, and according to all the reports from the country, greatly increased and exaggerated at the present crisis, has hurried such quantities of corn of every description to market, that we have now obtained satisfactory evidence as to the various products of the late harvests, and find that our early speculations, as to the quantities and condition of the crops, were not very wide of the mark. Wheat, the most important, has also proved the most plentiful crop, and is deemed a full average, the overplus on the best lands making up the deficiency of the poor and least productive. As a drawback upon this piece of national good fortune, the condition of too great a part of this splendid crop was lamentably deteriorated by the excessive hurry with which it was drawn from the field, in order to be turned into money; many who were not in distress for money, taking the same course, under the apprehension of large imports from the Continent, which, however, have not yet arrived. The wheat market has thus been greatly overstocked, whilst the damp condition of the best wheat has greatly reduced the price, the ordinary and lower samples being beat down below all proportion. Some hopes are yet entertained in the country of a favourable rally in the price of wheat, but that will materially depend on the quantity imported. Oats have proved the next best crop, and clover seed, of which seed, indeed, there is such a quantity in the country, that a resolution is announced of petitioning Parliament to impose upon the article an additional and exclusive duty, which will, no doubt, be stoutly opposed by the free trade party. Barley is an average crop upon a few of the best lands only, in general far

below an average, but much of it fine and weighty in quality. The pulse crops, both beans and peas, are much below an average, being on too many farms scarcely worth the labour and expense of harvesting. There are, however, many fine samples to be found of both. Potatoes, on the whole, are said not to amount to more than half a crop, but with favourable exceptions, and the quality often superior. Mangel wurzel, a small quantity in the country, and the article getting out of repute. Another change in this, our unsteady climate, since September, when the grass was burned to the root; alternate showers and favourable growing weather have produced a fine stock of fresh autumnal grass, which will prove a great saving of hay to the stock-farmer. Seed-time, for the new crop, has been equally fortunate and successful, as the harvest of the wheats never had a more beautiful green and flourishing aspect than at the present season. They have generally shot up early, a strong and healthy plant proving the general goodness of the seed, but with strange accounts from a few parts, of a failure of the plant, from the seminal virtues being destroyed by the unguarded use of arsenic in the steeping, with the view of preventing smut, as though the perpetual sudden variations between heat and cold, moisture and drought, were not sufficient in themselves to produce that disease, in despite of all that could be effected by a remedy used so many months before hand; a case somewhat analagous to a man's taking a medicine in October, in order to prevent a cold or rheumatism which might otherwise occur in the next year's July. This is not said to decry the custom of steeping seed, or even the prudent use of arsenic, however, with very different expectations. It is said in a few parts, that less wheat has been sown during this than in any late season, and the reason assigned is the high price of barley and its ready sale, thence the most advantageous crop. But this may, or must be, a mere temporary advantage, and for the most part the old opinion prevails that the quantity of wheat increases yearly. There seems to be an old dispute lately revived, as to the proper month for sowing wheat; one party standing up for September, the other stiffly insisting on the preference due to November. No doubt, but the quality and situation of the soil must form an important consideration; but, as a general question, we have ever been the advocates and practisers of early sowing, whether in autumn or spring. Alas! the distress of the farmers speaks too plainly to be either questioned or denied. The Oxfordshire newspapers lately announced upwards of thirty sales of farming stock in one week, and nearly thirty farms to be let; as might be expected, the stock and farming implements were sold at ruinous prices.

The stout and fat cattle market is somewhat lower, sheep holding their price. As to pigs, they have suffered a very sudden and heavy depreciation; in fact, are nearly unsaleable at any price, occasioned, in some parts, materially by Irish superabundant importations. Horses, the superior few excepted, have fallen much below the price of former days, and for very obvious reasons, are not probable to rally.

The dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone, of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 2d. to 3s. 6d. Mutton, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. Lamb, —. Veal, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d. Pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 4d.

Corn Exchange—40s. to 60s. Barley, 26s. to 35s. Oats, 16s. to 25s. Hay, 60s. 84s. Clover ditto, 75s. to 100s. Straw, 24s. 33s.

Coal Exchange—Coals in the Port, 15s. to 21s. per ton, delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9s. to 12s. per ton.

Game at Leadenhall Market—Grouse, 7s. to 8s. a brace. Pheasants, 7s. to 8s. a brace. Birds, 5s. Hares, great plenty, 4s. each. Wild ducks, 8s. Widgeons, 6s. and Teal, 3s. 6d. the couple. Woodcocks, 8s. and Snipes, 3s. 6d. a couple. Golden Plover, 3s., common, 1s. 6d. a couple. Wild Rabbits, from 8s. to 12s. per dozen.

*Middlesex, Nov. 25, 1833.*

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